



No.48

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING  
COMIC MAGAZINE!



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## GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

### BOYS AND GIRLS:

Would you like to have your own book reviews printed on this page?

Here is a list of books Miss Irene Smith, Superintendent of Work With Children, Brooklyn Public Library tells us are favorites with the boys and girls at her library. She is sure you will enjoy them, too. Ask your librarian for them and send us your review of one of these books—a review you have written yourself—and if it is selected to be printed on this page, we will send you two dollars for it. You may send reviews of several books if you like. But send them soon.

Address them to me at DC Comics Publications, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City—and be sure to write your name and address plainly.

Josette Frank

Here is the list:

SALUTE. By C. W. Anderson.  
GOVERNMENT HUNTER. By M. M. Atwater.  
HIDE-ACK KIDNAPPED. By Glen Balch.  
MISTER OLE. By Richard Bennett.  
CHILDREN OF THE SEA. By W. S. Bronson.  
SHATTUCK CADET. By E. J. Chute.  
AUGUSTUS GOES SOUTH. By LeGrand.  
WHITE REINDEER. By Nell James.  
LASSIE COME HOME. By Eric Knight.  
MEETINGHOUSE BAY. By H. W. Patterson.

### YOUNG SETTLER

By Phil Stong

Pictures by Kurt Wiese

To be given a horse of your own was something special for a little boy, even in Western Ohio back in 1837, when horses were easier to come by than they are today. So Hi Ellison named his horse something special, too. He named her Euclid.

Euclid was funny to look at, and she acted like a clown—but could she race! So when a slick city lawyer breezed into town with a handsome "Yankee" horse, the whole town saw a chance for a horse race and some fun. The city lawyer didn't think much of Euclid when he saw her, but he thought differently when he had to pay up his lost bet.

Then Hi's family moved to "Ioway". Hi made the long trip on Euclid while the rest of his family rode in a prairie schooner. The Sauk Indians were none too friendly when they arrived until they saw Euclid race. Then they welcomed Hi as one of their own. After that, Hi and Euclid won many races for their Indian friends; and they, in turn, taught Hi many things about hunting and trapping furs. They made him an Indian brave and named him Small-One-Who-Rides-on-The-Wind. And finally, when land speculators from the East threatened to oust the Indians from their lands, it was Hi and Euclid who, winning a race for high stakes, saved their land and sent the astonished easterners back home, beaten.

If you like horses and Indians you will enjoy the picture as well as the story in this book. Ask for it at your library.

### SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

OQPGA VCNMU CPF UJQQVU—DWA FGHGPG  
UVCORU!

# SUPERMAN



JERRY GIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

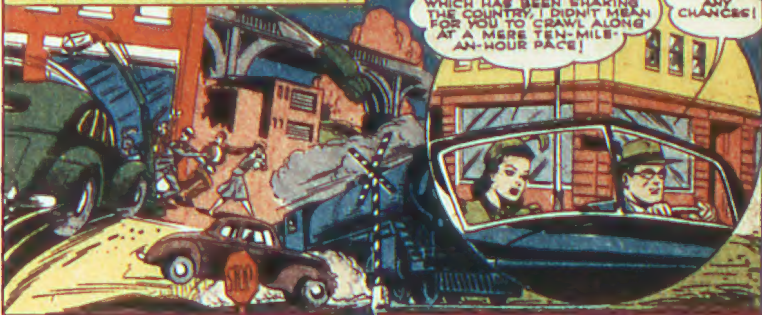
BREEDER OF MASS MURDER IS THE TOP, AVARICIOUS OWNER OF A SECOND-HAND AUTO BUSINESS WHO DELIBERATELY AND KNOWINGLY SELLS CARS IN SERIOUSLY BAD CONDITION—A MENACE TO LIFE AND LIMB! TO UNMASK THIS RUTHLESS DEALER IN DEATH WHO AMASSES HIS PERNICIOUS PROFITS TO THE TERRIBLE TUNE OF CRASHING CARS, HIGHWAY HOMICIDE, AND HIT-AND-RUN HORROR ONCE AGAIN THE MEEK DAILY PLANET REPORTER BECOMES THE MIGHTIEST AVENGER OF THEM ALL—**SUPERMAN**—IN THE ADVENTURE OF THE MERCHANT OF MURDER!



DAY IN, DAY OUT, MOTOR CRASHES OCCUR THROUGHOUT THE NATION, COLLECTING A FATAL TOLL OF HUMAN LIVES...

WHEN I ASKED YOU TO DRIVE SLOWLY BECAUSE OF THE EPIDEMIC OF ACCIDENTS WHICH HAS BEEN SHAKING THE COUNTRY, I DIDN'T MEAN FOR YOU TO CRAWL ALONG AT A MERE TEN-MILE-AN-HOUR PACE!

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!



LOOK AT THEM GO -- TOO DANGEROUSLY FAST, I'D SAY!

PROBABLY THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY HAS A DAY OFF AND IS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO GO FOR A SPIN!

LOOK-- THE CAR THAT JUST PASEED US! WEAVING-- SKIDDING...

THE DRIVER'S LOST CONTROL! THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH!



THE RUNAWAY VEHICLE CRASHES INTO AN ONCOMING CAR...

JOINING OTHER MOTORISTS WHO RACE TO THE SCENE, CLARK PITS HIS STRENGTH AGAINST THE JAMMED DOOR... UNKNOWN TO THE OTHERS, HIS SUPERIOR STRENGTH ENABLES HIM TO FORCE IT OPEN...

THE DOOR'S LOOSE!

HELP THEM! THEY'RE PINNED INSIDE!!







DYING--JOHN'S DYING...AND TO THINK WE JUST BOUGHT THE CAR A FEW HOURS AGO... INVESTED ALL OUR SAVINGS IN IT...

WHY DOESN'T THE AMBULANCE HURRY?

HERE IT COMES!



("-NO WONDER HE LOST CONTROL OF THE CAR... THE BRAKE-LINING IS WORN OUT... BUT THAT WOMAN SAID THEY JUST BOUGHT THE CAR!-")

WHEN THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER ARRIVES ON THE SCENE, CLARK MAKES A REQUEST...

PLEASE LET ME HAVE A SHOT OF THE WRECKAGE FROM THIS ANGLE...SEND IT UP TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE QUICKLY.



OKAY KENT.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, CLARK?

LOIS, THOSE UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE HAD JUST PURCHASED A SECOND-HAND AUTO UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT IT WAS IN GOOD CONDITION, BUT, FROM THE WAY THE CAR WEAVED BEFORE THE CRASH HAPPENED, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE MECHANISM WAS DEFECTIVE!

OF ALL THE DESPICABLE CRIMES! WHOEVER SOLD THAT CAR MUST HAVE KNOWN IT WAS FAULTY... BUT DIDN'T GIVE A HANG WHAT TRAGEDY MIGHT HAPPEN TO THE PURCHASERS!



WHITE, I WANT YOUR PERMISSION TO BUST THIS VICIOUS USED CAR RACKET 'WIDE OPEN!

GO TO IT, CLARK!

I KNEW WE COULD COUNT ON YOU FOR THE "GO" SIGNAL!

AT THE OFFICE OF SID SPEED, PROPRIETOR OF SPEED MOTORS...



BUT "TOP"--I CAN'T HELP IT IF THIS DUMB CLUCK OF A REPORTER IS CAMPAIGNING FOR CITY SUPERVISION OF USED CAR SALES--

KENT DELIBERATELY PRINTED THAT PICTURE OF THE WRECKED CAR WHICH PLAINLY SHOWED THE NAME SPEED MOTORS ABOVE THE LICENSE PLATE... HE'S DANGEROUS...! SILENCE HIM...!



I WANT TO TALK TO YOU RIGHT AWAY, KENT! CAN I EXPECT YOU?

I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SEE YOU, MR. SPEED!



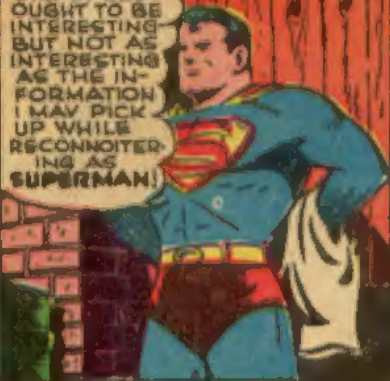
SO LONG, LOIS! SEE YOU LATER!

GOODBYE, CLARK! ("YOU BET YOU WILL! IF YOU'RE GOING TO SPEED MOTORS I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE FIREWORKS!")



STEPPING INTO A DESERTED DOORWAY, THE DAILY PLANET REPORTER SWITCHES TO THE IDENTITY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEMESIS OF ALL EVILDOERS....

MY CONVERSATION WITH MR. SPEED OUGHT TO BE INTERESTING BUT NOT AS INTERESTING AS THE INFORMATION I MAY PICK UP WHILE RECONNOITERING AS SUPERMAN!



A MOMENT LATER--A HUMAN LIGHTNING BOLT STREAKS UP--UP INTO THE SKY....

I LIKE THE AIR UP HERE!



MOMENTS LATER, AS SUPERMAN DRIFTS LEISURELY OVER THE SPEED MOTORS' BUILDING, USING HIS WIDE-SPREAD CAPE LIKE A SAIL...

SO THAT'S WHAT GOES ON...!



WHAT THE MAN OF TOMORROW HAS SIGHTED--INSIDE THE BUILDING, IN A REAR GARAGE, MECHANICS WORK BUSILY OVER SMASHED AUTOS, HAMMERING THEM BACK INTO SHAPE....

WHAT A JOB! IT WOULD BE EASIER TO BUILD NEW AUTOS THAN KNOCK THESE OLD WRECKS TOGETHER SO THEY LOOK HALF DECENT.

WHAT A RACKET! NO ONE WOULD EVER RECOGNIZE THESE SPIFFY-LOOKING HEAPS AS THE WRECKED CARS THAT WE TOWED IN HERE A FEW WEEKS AGO!

WHAT'RE YOU KICKIN' ABOUT? THE CUSTOMERS DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO... AN' YOU'RE WELL PAID FOR YOUR WORK!



WHAT DOES SPEED CARE IF UNDER THE SHINY SURFACES THESE CARS ARE STILL OLD WRECKS AND SURE MEAT FOR MORE ACCIDENTS? ALL HE WANTS IS QUICK PROFITS--AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE CUSTOMER!

DOWN PLUMMETS THE MAN OF STEEL!

I WANT TO HEAR MORE!

("-PS-ST! LOOK!!-")

("-A SNOOPER! RUSH HIM!-")



BUT AS SPEED'S STRONGARM MEN RUSH HIM, THE MAN OF TOMORROW WHIRLS BEHIND THEM WITH SUPER-SPEED...

HUH? WH-WHERE IS HE?

BUT HE WAS HERE A SECOND AGO!



EVER THINK OF LOOKING BEHIND YOU?

OWW-WWW!!





ABOVE, ON THE ROOF, ANOTHER HOODLUM LOOKS DOWN AND SURVEYS THE STARTLING SCENE...

IT'S SUPERMAN! GOSH! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO CAPTURE HIM SINGLE-HANDED! I'LL BE A HERO!

SCRAMBLING TO THEIR FEET, THE ENRAGED THUGS CHARGE THE MAN OF TOMORROW...

I'LL FIX YA FOR THAT!

WAIT'LL I GRAB YA!

HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

HIS CHEST -- IT'S LIKE IRON!

DOWN HURTLES THE HISsing NOOSE...

I WON'T MISS...!

WHAT'S THIS? SOMEONE PLAYING VIGILANTE?

I--I GOT HIM... B-BUT I C-CAN'T BUDGE HIM!!!

WRONG, CHUM-- I'VE GOT YOU!



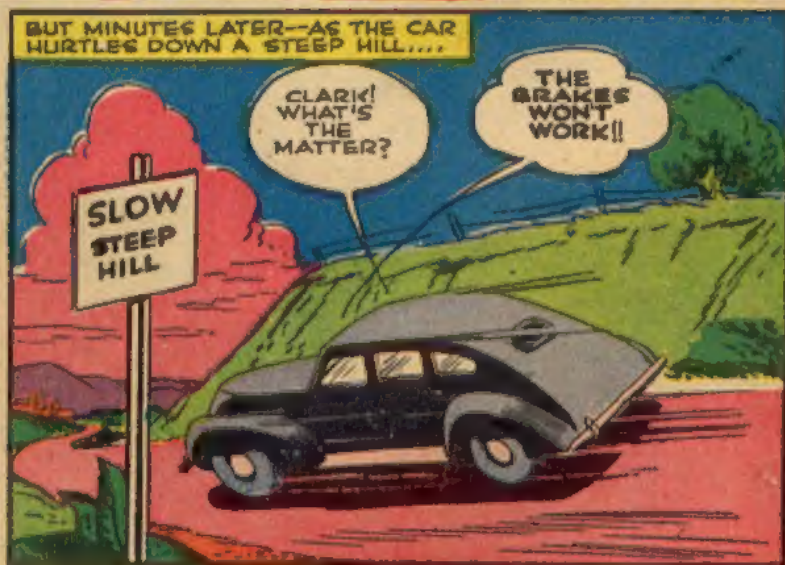






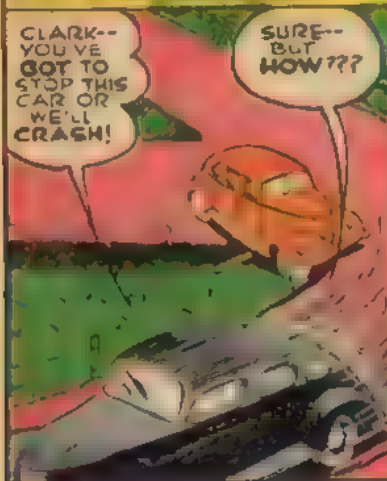








DESPERATELY MANEUVERING THE STEERING WHEEL, CLARK NARROWLY MISSES CAR AFTER CAR AT INTERSECTIONS...



CLARK-- YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS CAR OR WE'LL CRASH!

SURE-- BUT HOW???

GLANCING AHEAD, KENT SIGHTS A SCENE WHICH PROMISES CERTAIN DESTRUCTION. DIRECTLY IN HIS AUTO'S PATH ARE TWO CARS WHICH HAVE COLLIDED... THE DRIVERS ARE ON THE SIDEWALK, ARGUING HEATEDLY...



ACTING AT GREAT HASTE, CLARK PRETENDS TO TOPPLE OUT OF THE SPEEDING AUTO...



THE DOOR OPEN--HELP, LOIS! I'M FALLING OUT!!

LOOK OUT CLARK!

AT SUCH A TREMENDOUS RATE OF SPEED DOES KENT SWITCH GARMENTS THAT HE IS TRANSFORMED TO HIS SUPERMAN IDENTITY BEFORE HE STRIKES THE PAVEMENT...



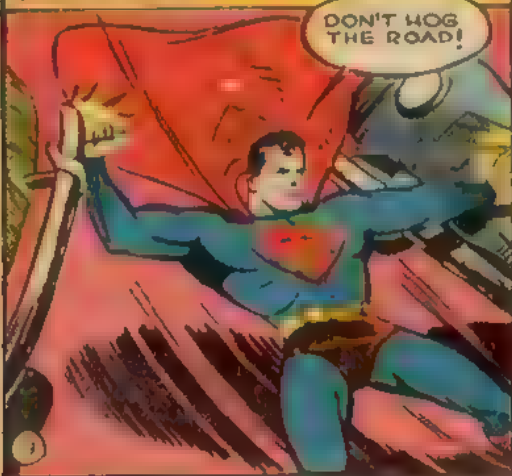
THIS DOESN'T LEAVE ME MUCH TIME TO WORK!

SOMERSAULTING BACK THRU THE AIR, THE MAN OF TOMORROW MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT TO AVERT THE COLLISION...



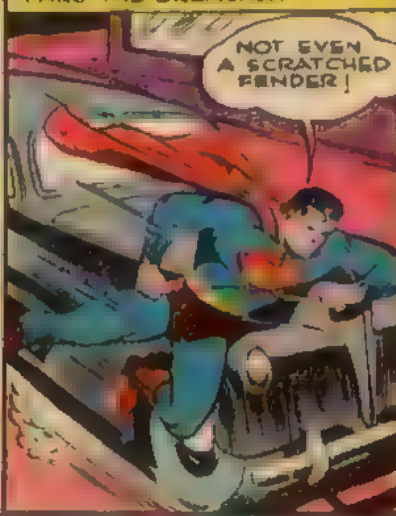
I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!

CRASHING DOWN BUT INCHES AHEAD OF THE CAR HE HAS ABANDONED, SUPERMAN SHOVS THE OTHER TWO CARS APART....



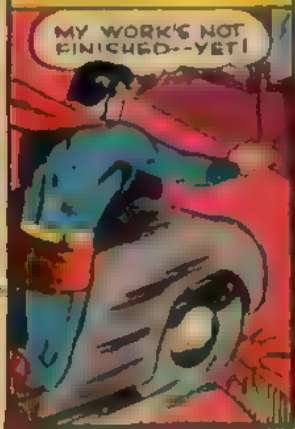
DON'T HOG THE ROAD!

THE GIRL'S CAR BREZZES THRU THE BREACH...



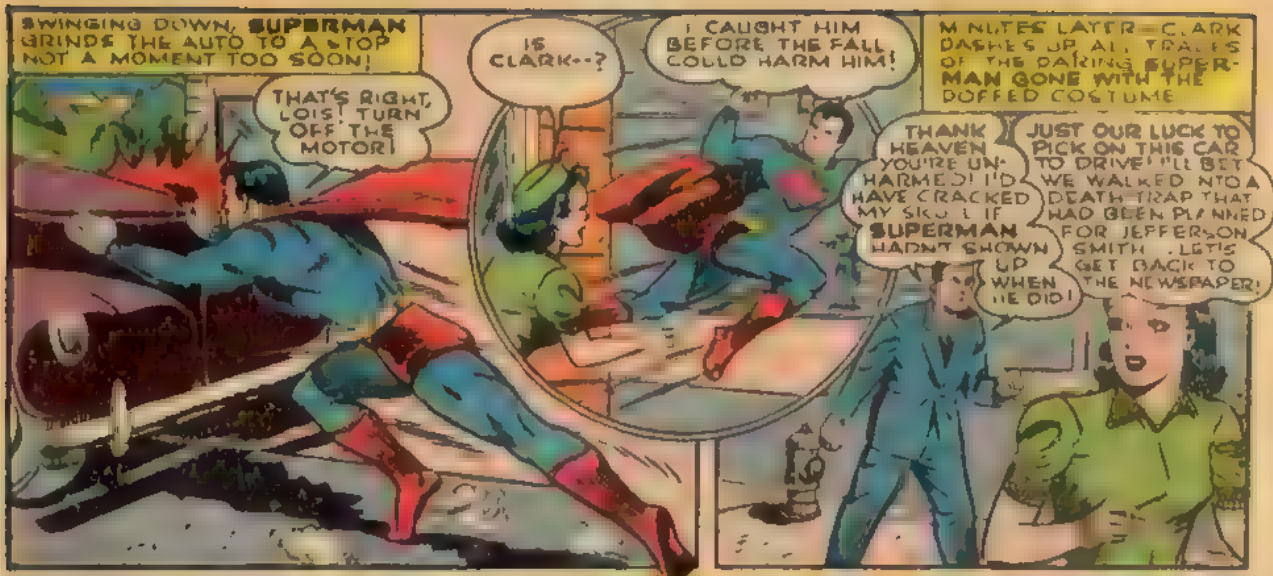
NOT EVEN A SCRATCHED FENDER!

BUT THE DANGER IS NOT YET OVER. UP ONTO THE SIDEWALK LEAPS THE AUTOMOBILE, HEADING TOWARD A STORE WINDOW...



MY WORK'S NOT FINISHED--YET!







ENTERING A BUILDING ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS, SPEED ADDRESSES A NUMBER OF SULLEN BUSINESS MEN...

YOU'VE COME HERE FROM ALL OVER THE NATION IN ANSWER TO THE TOP'S ORDER. I'M HERE TO PASS ON HIS MESSAGE TO YOU.

YOU'VE ALL BEEN PUTTING TOO MUCH REPAIR WORK INTO THE USED CARS YOU SELL. THE TOP WANTS YOU TO SPEND EVEN LESS ON THE WRECKS SO THAT OUR PROFITS WILL BE HIGHER!

WE WON'T DO IT! WHEN WE AGREED TO WORK FOR THE TOP WE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WHAT WE'RE DOING IS PRACTICALLY MURDER!

ANGRILY SPEED GIVES HIS STRONGARM MEN ON THE ORGANIZATION'S RECALCITRANT MEMBERS.

BEAT 'EM UP! SHOW THEM THE TOP WON'T LET ANY OF THEM QUIT!

YOU'RE GONNA EAT THAT PETITION!

MOST OF US HAVE SIGNED THIS PETITION. WE'RE WITHDRAWING FROM THIS CROOKED ORGANIZATION AND WILL RUN OUR BUSINESSES IN A LEGITIMATE MANNER.

THRU A WINDOW AND DOWN INTO THE FRAY CRASHES...

A FIGHT, EH? LET ME IN ON THIS!

SUPERMAN!

INTO THE COWARDLY BAND OF MUSCLEMEN WADES THE MAN OF TOMORROW, POWERFUL FISTS WHIRLING LIKE WINDMILLS...

WHERE'S YOUR ANXIETY TO FIGHT NOW?

OWW! AWW!

STOP IT!

OUCH.

QUICK-- OUT OF THIS PLACE WHILE YOU CAN!

NO SOONER DOES THE LAST MAN ESCAPE THAN THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE COLLAPSES UPON THE MAN OF TOMORROW

HEY! DON'T HIT ME! I'M A PRIVATE DETECTIVE INVESTIGATING THIS BUNCH

MY ERROR!

IT'S THE END OF SUPERMAN!!

SMITH LEADS AN EXODUS FROM THE BUILDING, BUT SUDDENLY THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION... THE EDIFICE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE... SUPERMAN PITS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALLS, SUPPORTING THEM...



BUT AS THE WRECKAGE IS HEAVED ASIDE, SUPERMAN BURROWS INTO VIEW, THEN SPRINGS AWAY...

HE'S ALIVE!

I'M NOT TO BE DISPOSED OF SO EASILY. GO BACK TO YOUR BUSINESSES, AND SCRAP THE DANGEROUS WRECK!



REVERTING TO HIS IDENTITY OF CLARK KENT, THE MAN OF TOMORROW RETURNS TO THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING BUT LATER, AS HE LEAVES WITH LOIS...

SPEED!

THAT'S RIGHT! GET IN! THE TOP WANTS TO SEE YOU!



AND LATER... AT SPEED MOTORS...

JEFFERSON SMITH!

HERE THEY ARE, TOP!

SINCE YOU ESCAPED MY PREVIOUS ATTEMPT TO SLAY YOU, I'LL HAVE TO SEE THERE'S NO SLIP-UP THIS TIME!



STRAPPING CLARK AND LOIS TO THE BASE OF A GIANT PRESS, THE TOP TURNS ON THE MASSIVE MECHANISM, THEN DEPARTS WITH HIS THIRLINGS...

TA-TA! PARDON ME WHILE I GO AND HAMMER SOME SENSE INTO THOSE STUPID USED CAR DEALERS!

YOU KILLER!!



DOWN DESCENDS THE MIGHTY PRESS SLOWLY, BUT, AS IT IS ABOUT TO CRUSH THE TWO REPORTERS, CLARK RAISES HIS KNEES SLIGHTLY, STOPPING ITS DESCENT...

IT--IT'S STOPPED!

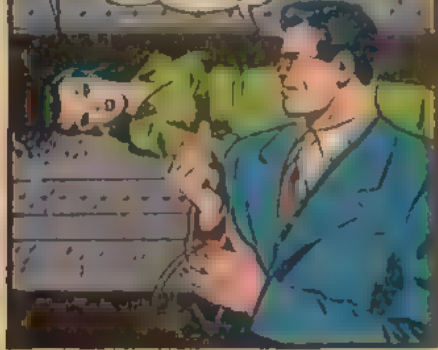
OUR GOOD LUCK! ("LOIS DOESN'T DREAM IT'S MY STRENGTH WHICH KEEPS THE PRESS FROM DESCENDING FURTHER!")



FREEING ONE HAND CLARK TEARS OUT THE ELECTRIC WIRE WHICH CONTROL THE MECHANISM THEN RIDES HIMSELF OF HIS BONDS...

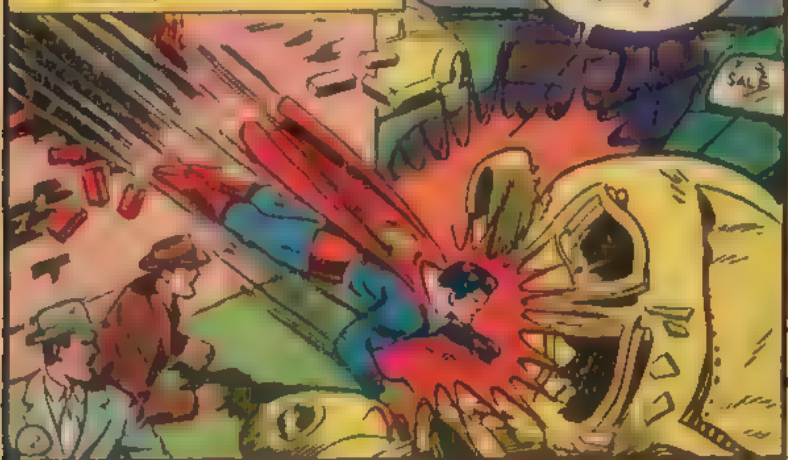
HURRY! UNSTRAP ME!

NOTHING DOING! YOU'VE ROBBED ME OF TOO MANY BY-LINES LATELY YOU'RE SAFE HERE. I'LL COME BACK AND FREE YOU AFTER I'VE TURNED IN THE STORY!



SIGHTING THE RACKETEERS ABOUT TO ENTER THEIR CAR, CLARK ONCE AGAIN RESUMES HIS SUPERMAN TRANSFORMATION...

YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE IN THAT CAR!

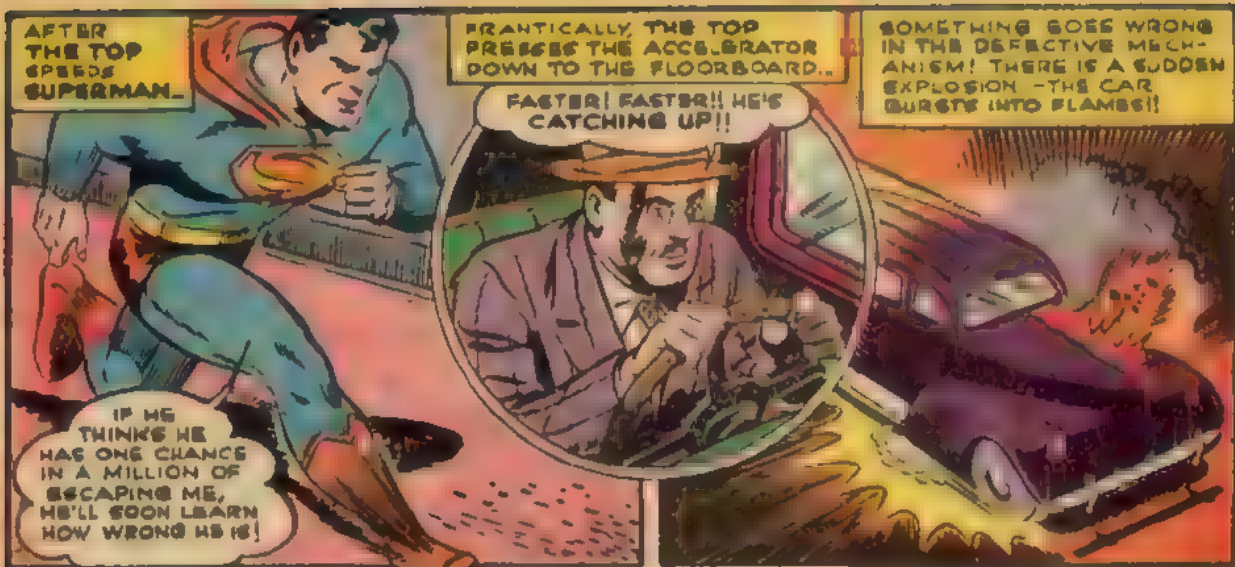


LEAPING INTO ONE OF THE USED CAR "BARGAINS" ON THE LOT, THE TOP DRIVES DESPERATELY AWAY...

GOT TO MAKE A BASH FOR IT!!







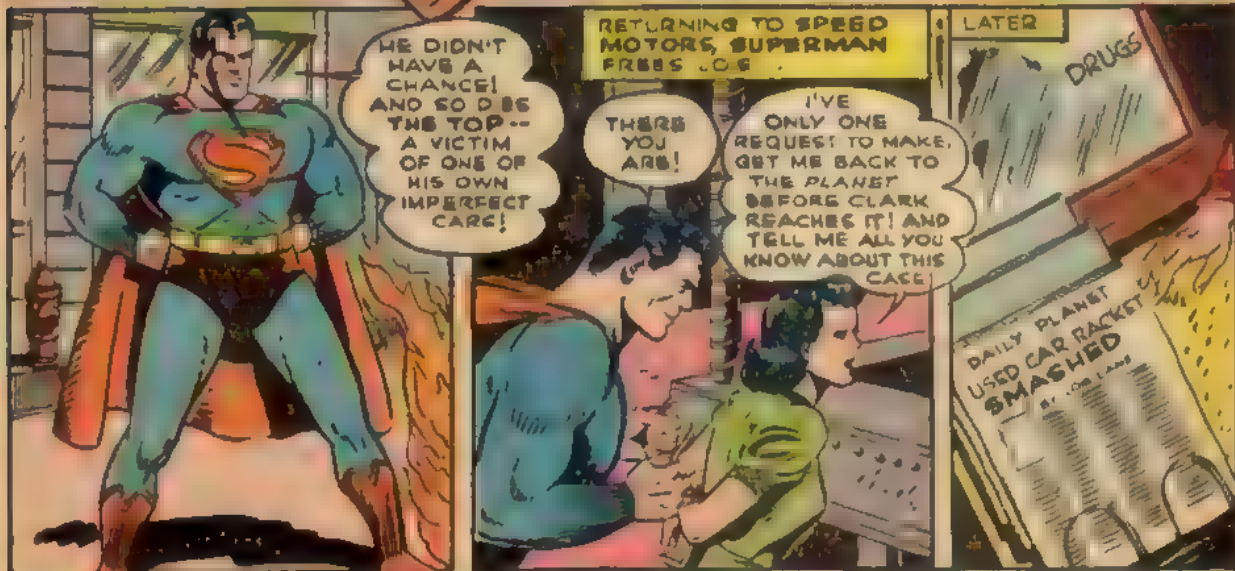
AFTER THE TOP SPEEDS SUPERMAN.

PRACTICALLY, THE TOP PRESSES THE ACCELERATOR DOWN TO THE FLOORBOARD..

SOMETHING GOES WRONG IN THE DEFECTIVE MECHANISM! THERE IS A SUDDEN EXPLOSION - THE CAR BURSTS INTO FLAMES!!

FASTER! FASTER!! HE'S CATCHING UP!!

IF HE THINKS HE HAS ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION OF ESCAPING ME, HE'LL SOON LEARN HOW WRONG HE IS!



HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! AND SO DOES THE TOP -- A VICTIM OF ONE OF HIS OWN IMPERFECT CARS!

RETURNING TO SPEED MOTORS, SUPERMAN FREES JOE.

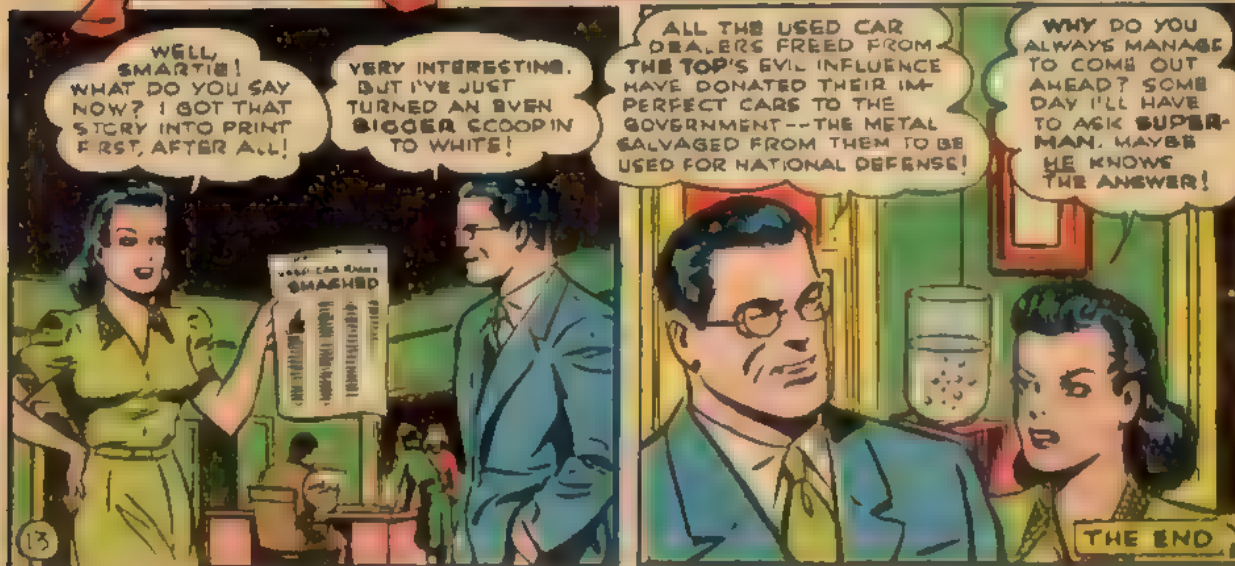
LATER

THERE YOU ARE!

I'VE ONLY ONE REQUEST TO MAKE. GET ME BACK TO THE PLANET BEFORE CLARK REACHES IT! AND TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS CASE!

DRUGS

DAILY PLANET  
USED CAR RACKET  
SMASHED



WELL, SMARTIE! WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW? I GOT THAT STORY INTO PRINT FIRST, AFTER ALL!

VERY INTERESTING. BUT I'VE JUST TURNED AN EVEN BIGGER COOPIN TO WHITE!

ALL THE USED CAR DEALERS FREED FROM THE TOP'S EVIL INFLUENCE HAVE DONATED THEIR IMPERFECT CARS TO THE GOVERNMENT -- THE METAL SALVAGED FROM THEM TO BE USED FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE!

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO COME OUT AHEAD? SOME DAY I'LL HAVE TO ASK SUPERMAN. MAYBE HE KNOWS THE ANSWER!





# SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

**H**ELLO again, Members!  
This time I want to talk to you about *Loyalty*.

One of the greatest virtues a person can possess is that of *Loyalty*—which means, simply, being true to persons and ideals that are worthy of themselves and of our respect.

All of us feel loyalty to our families, to those who are nearest and dearest to us—and this is one of the basic ideals of Democracy, for in a Democracy the family and the individuals within it constitute the very roots and life-blood of the State.

We feel, also, a deep sense of Loyalty to the God who will guide our Democracy and the Allied Democracies through dark days to the ultimate victory of Right over Evil.

And we feel that same deep sense of Loyalty to our great



nation, and to our President, and to those who are laboring side by side with him, and to the leaders and peoples and ideals of the other great nations which stand shoulder-to-shoulder with our own in a common cause.

Our Loyalty to family, God, and country is now being put to severe tests, and we are all ready and willing—yes, and

anxious—to do whatever we can to show that our Loyalty is more than a mere word. Most of us have relatives in the armed forces. All of us are helping to share the financial burden of our righteous battle by investing in Defense Bonds and Stamps, and the purchase of these Bonds and Stamps is a very simple way of proving our Loyalty to all the things in life that are most worth while. Let our slogan be "KEEP 'EM BUYING!"

And while we're on the subject of Loyalty, I'd like to thank all my friends and readers for their Loyalty to me—a Loyalty which keeps ACTION COMICS in top spot as the **WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COMIC MAGAZINE!**

Sincerely,

Clark Kent

**SUPERMAN'S SECRET  
MESSAGE WILL BE  
FOUND ON THE BOOK  
REVIEW PAGE ELSE-  
WHERE IN THIS ISSUE**

SUPERMAN,  
c/o ACTION COMICS,  
400 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

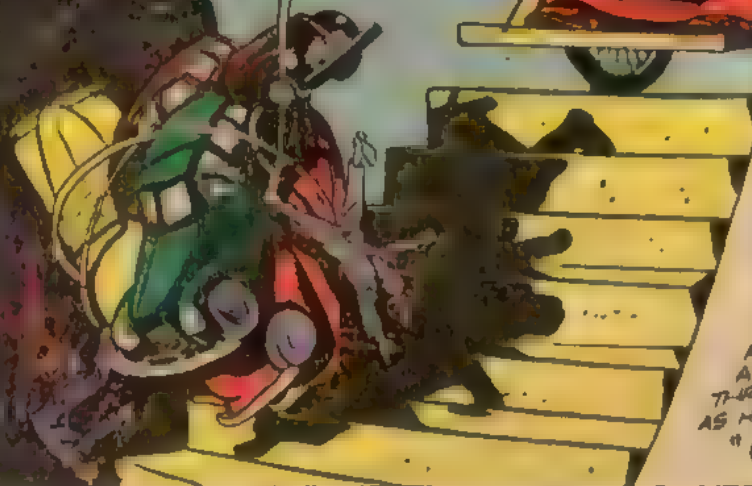
STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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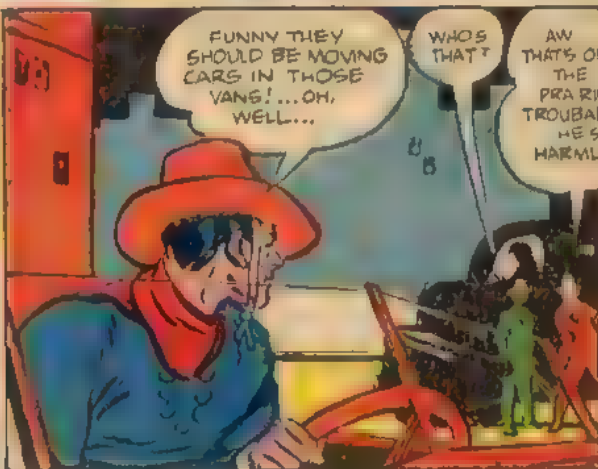
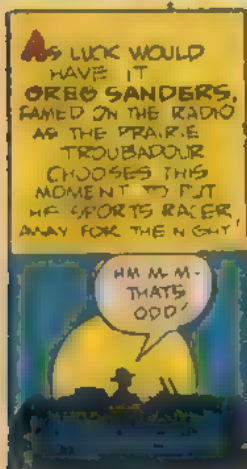
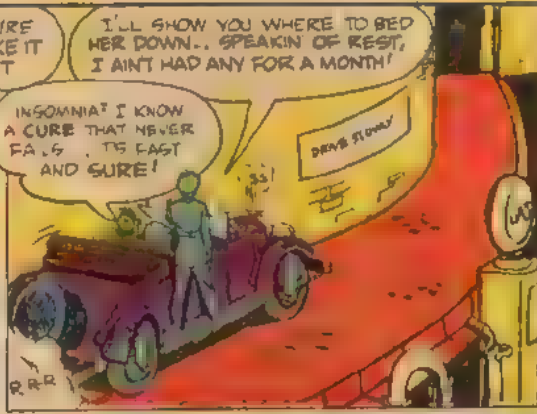
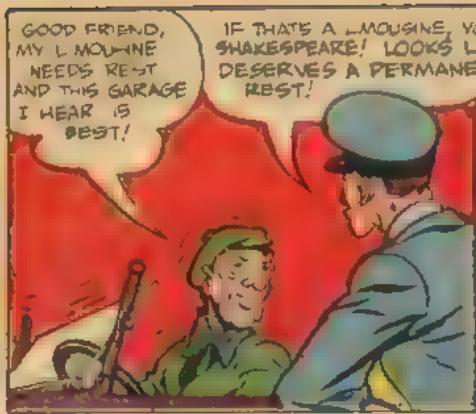
# VIGILANTE



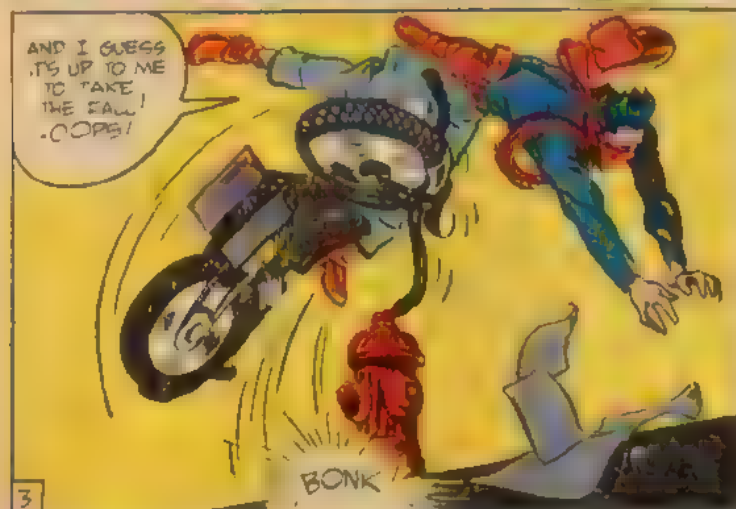
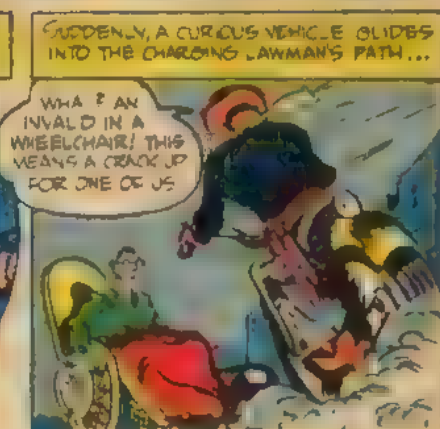
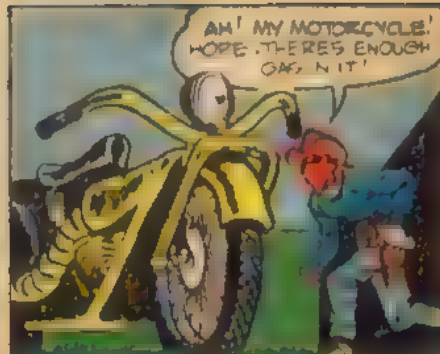
A DEADLY CRACKLE OF GUNS... THE SIBLINGS OF A VENOM-TIPPED LASH... AND THE VIGILANTE RIDES FOR JUSTICE ONCE MORE, MATCHING WESTERN WITS AND WEAPONS AGAINST THE CUNNING OF CANNY GANGSTERS! THIS TIME IT'S A STREAMLINED VERSION OF THE MOST HATED CRIME OF THE RANGE THAT LEADS AN ACE LAWYER SLASHING THROUGH BARRIERS OF PERIL AS HE KEEPS EM ROLLING IN..

*"Crime's Caravan!"*



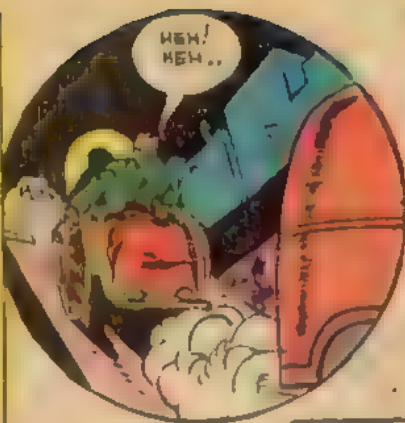








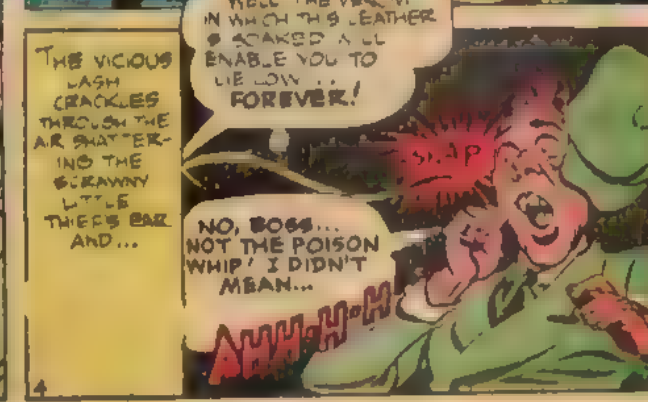
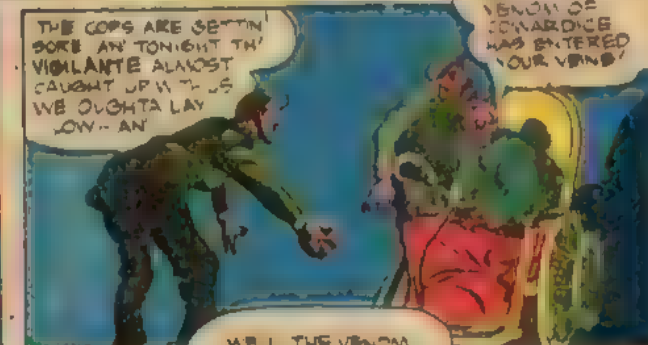
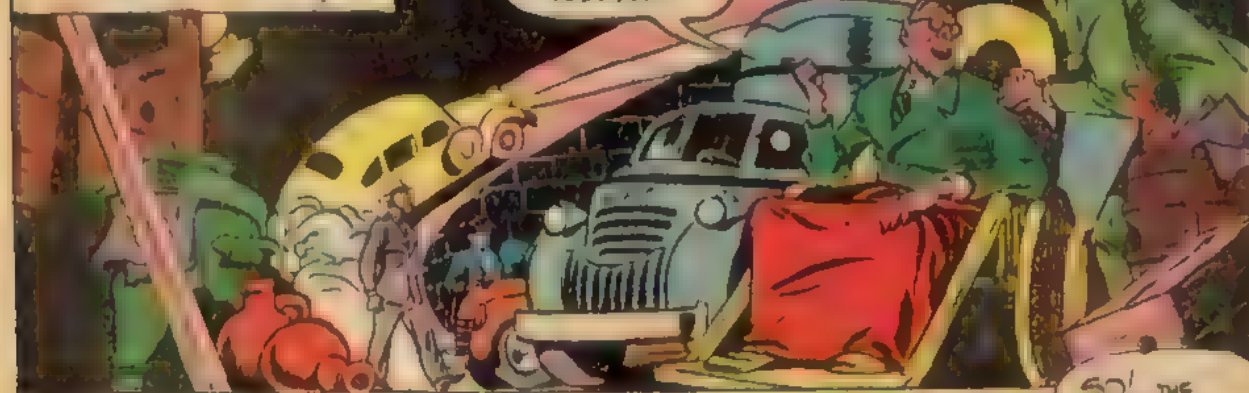
AND AN OLD SAYING  
COMES TRUE AS THE  
EARTH LITERALLY  
OPENS UP AND  
SWALLOWS THE  
CRIMINALS AND  
LAST OF ALL THE  
OCCUPANT OF  
THE TERRIBLE-  
FATED  
WHEELCHAIR!



HAVING BAFLED THEIR DREADED  
ENEMY, THE GANGSTERS UNLOAD  
THEIR LOOT IN THE BASEMENT OF  
THE ABANDONED FACTORY ATOP  
THE HILL.

SEE THAT ALL THE  
CARS ARE TAKEN UP-  
STAIRS TO THE SHOP.  
WE'LL CHANGE THEIR  
APPEARANCE AND SELL  
THEM AS SOON AS  
POSSIBLE!

I HEAR  
AND OBEY...  
IT SHALL  
BE AS  
YOU SAY!



LATER THE LASH  
CONFERES WITH HIS MEN

THAT WAS A GOOD  
NIGHT'S WORK MEN.  
WITH CAR PRICES UP  
BECAUSE OF  
DEFENSE RATIONING  
WE'LL GET RICH IN  
NO TIME

BUT IT AINT SAFE  
BOSS! IM GETTIN  
JITTERY!

THE COPS ARE SETTIN'  
SORE AN TONIGHT TH'  
VIGILANTE ALMOST  
CAUGHT UP WITH US  
WE OUGHTA LAY  
LOW - AN

SO... THE  
VENOM OF  
CONARDICE  
HAS ENTERED  
YOUR VEIN!

THE VICIOUS  
LASH  
CRACKLES  
THROUGH THE  
AIR SHATTER-  
ING THE  
GUMMAY  
LITTLE  
THEIR EARS  
AND...

WELL THE VENOM  
IN WHICH THIS LEATHER  
IS SOAKED WILL  
ENABLE YOU TO  
LIE LOW...  
FOREVER!

NO, BOSS...  
NOT THE POISON  
WHIP! I DIDN'T  
MEAN...

AAAAHHH!!!



NEXT DAY STUFF THE WIFE 'UOU- CHINATOWN A D WHO HAS SHARED DANCE WITH THE VIGILANTE BEFORE NOW, ASKS A FAVOR OF ORBO SANDERS...

IT AIN'T AS IF I WAS ASKING FOR YOUR RIGHT ARM OR EVEN A FRONT TOOTH, MR. SANDERS!

...ALL I WANT IS FOR YOU TO GET HOLD OF THE VIGILANTE AND PUT HIM WISE THAT I'M READY TO HELP HIM NAB THEM AUTO SNATCHERS!

I'LL CONSIDER YOUR REQUEST WHILE I'M BEING FITTED FOR SOME NEW DUDS, STUFF. WAIT FOR ME!



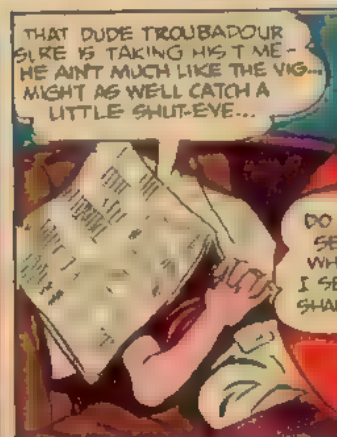
READ ALL A BOUTA GARAGE KILLIN' AN' HOW THE KILLERS FOOLED THE VIGILANTE!

HERE YAKE SMALL FRY DISEN ME THE DOPE WHILE ITS HOT!



**DAILY SCOOP**  
AUTO THIEF GANG OUTWITS VIGILANTE AFTER MURDER

WHAT WOULDN'T I GIVE FOR A CHANCE AT THEM MUGGS!



THAT DUDE TROUBADOUR SURE IS TAKING HIS T ME - HE AIN'T MUCH LIKE THE VIG... MIGHT AS WELL CATCH A LITTLE SHUT-EYE...

WHILE THE ORIENTAL YOUTH DREAMS OF VANQUISHING GANGSTERS, TWO OF THEM ADMIRE THE CAR IN WHICH HE DOES 'EM BUT DO NOT NOTICE HIM!

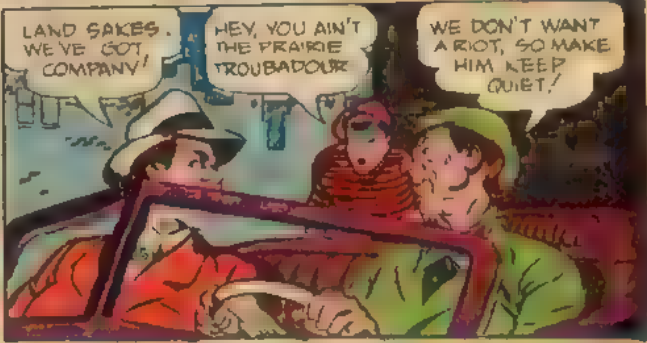
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, SHAKES?

VERILY!



TH & ONE LOOKS LIKE THE DOUGH. EH SHAKES?

IT DOES, INDEED... LETS TEST ITS SPEED!



LAND SAKES. WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

HEY, YOU AIN'T THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR

WE DON'T WANT A RIOT, SO MAKE HIM KEEP QUIET!



YOU'RE THE CROOKS THE VIGILANTE WAS AFTER! I'M GOING TO BUNDLE YOU UP AN'...  
**OH-M-M-M...**

EVERYTHING IS PEACEFUL NOW!



WELL YOU'VE GOT YOUR WISH STUFF A CHANCE AT THE MUGGS! BUT IT LOOKS VERY MUCH AS THOUGH YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A LOT OF LUCK AND SOME HELP BEFORE YOU CAN MAKE THE MOST OF IT.





IN THE STRONGHOLD OF THE OUTLAWS...

WAIT TILL MY PAL THE VIGILANTE GETS AROUND TO YOU!



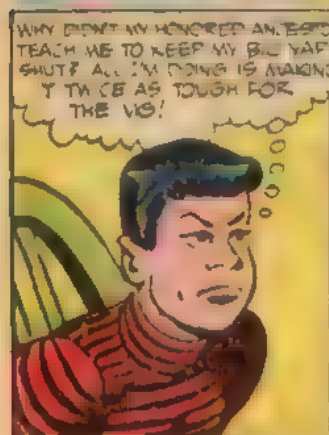
IT DON'T HELP TO FLUG HIM... WHY DON'T I JUST SLUG HIM?

NO, YOU FOOL!

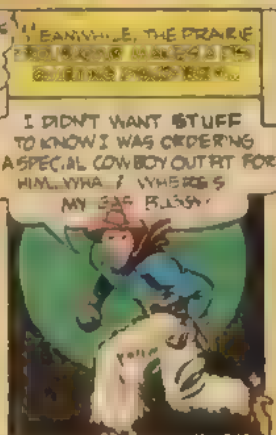


DIDN'T YOU HEAR HIM SAY HE WAS A PAL OF THE VIGILANTE, AND ISN'T THE VIGILANTE AFTER US? WE'LL KEEP THE BRAT AS A HOSTAGE!

I MUST DECLARE, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!

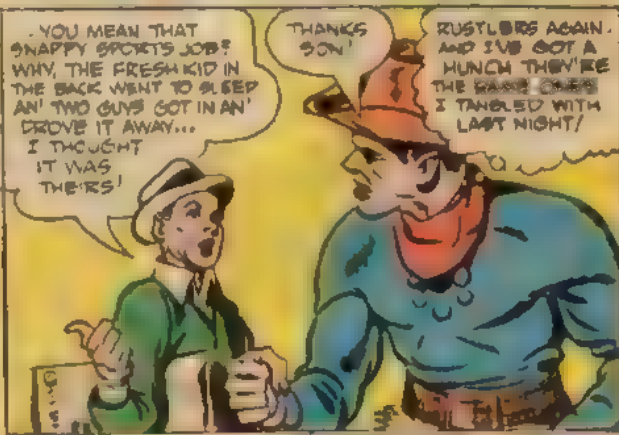


WHY DON'T MY HONORED ANCESTORS TEACH ME TO KEEP MY BIG YAP SHUT? ALL I'M DOING IS MAKING Y THINGS AS TOUGH FOR THE VIG!



MEANWHILE, THE PRINCE OF THE VIGILANTE IS ORDERING A SPECIAL COWBOY OUTFIT FOR HIM. YEAH? WHERE'S MY GAF BUSH?

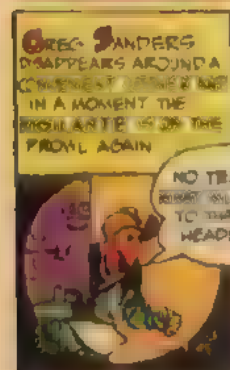
I DIDN'T WANT STUFF TO KNOW I WAS ORDERING A SPECIAL COWBOY OUTFIT FOR HIM. YEAH? WHERE'S MY GAF BUSH?



YOU MEAN THAT SNAPPY SPORTS JOB? WHY, THE FRESH KID IN THE BACK WENT TO SLEEP AN' TWO GUYS GOT IN AN' DROVE IT AWAY... I THOUGHT IT WAS THERE!

THANKS SON!

RUSTLERS AGAIN. AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH THEY'RE THE SAME ONES I TANGLED WITH LAST NIGHT!



GREG SANDERS DISAPPEARS AROUND A CORNER IN A MOMENT THE VIGILANTE IS ON THE PROWL AGAIN

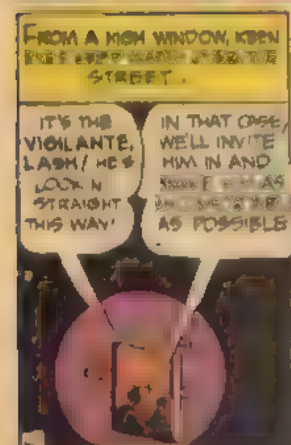


IF I DON'T CORRAL THOSE RATS IN A HURRY, BUT WHERE TO START HUNTING THEM?

NO TELLING WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THAT HOT-HEADED KID



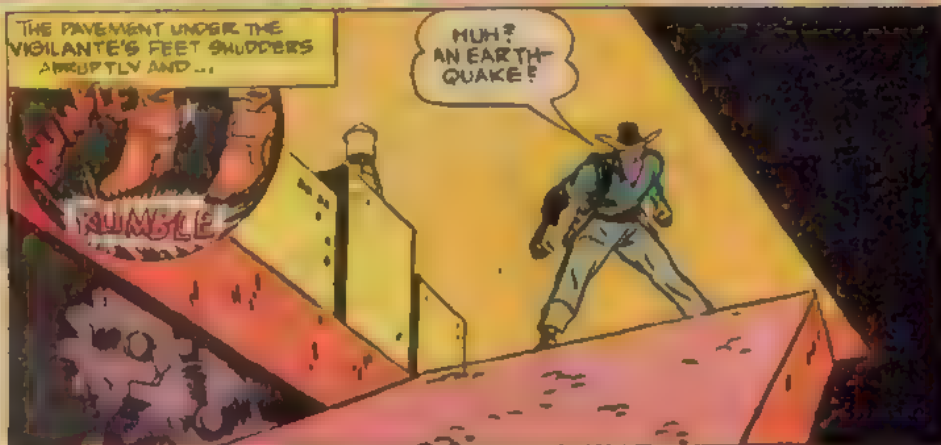
THERE'S WHERE I LOST TRACK OF THEM... AND I'M A KYOTON. NO DOUBT IF TH'S SNT STUFF'S CAP! THE VARNINTE MUST BE HOLED UP CLOSE BY!



FROM A HIGH WINDOW, KEN SEE THE VIGILANTE ON THE STREET

IT'S THE VIGILANTE, LASH! HE'S LOOKIN' STRAIGHT THIS WAY!

IN THAT CASE, WE'LL INVITE HIM IN AND KILL HIM AS POSSIBLE!



THE PAVEMENT UNDER THE VIGILANTE'S FEET SHUDDERS ABRUPTLY AND...

MUH? AN EARTHQUAKE?



IF MORE THE RANGER  
VIGILANTE AND THE  
CRIMINAL MEET FACE TO  
FACE...

GREETINGS VIGILANTE  
FROM WHERE I'M I WOULD  
BEFORE YOU DURING  
THE PICTURE WITH MY  
POISONED WHIP



**YOU!** SO THIS IS HOW  
YOU GAVE ME THE SLIP!  
I SHOULD HAVE HOG-TIED  
YOU LAST NIGHT.

BUT IF YOU WILL  
BE SO KIND AS TO  
FOLLOW ME INSIDE  
WHERE WE ARE EN-  
TERTAINING YOUR  
YOUNG FRIEND YOU  
WILL CONVINCE  
US ALL!

YOU CAN BET THAT  
SUPERCHARGED WHEELCHAIR  
OF YOURS I'LL FOLLOW  
YOU!



NOT A CHANCE  
OF CATCHING THAT  
RACING GO-CART  
ON FOOT BUT THIS  
OLD ELEVATOR SHAFT  
GIVES ME AN  
IDEA...

HEH!  
HEH!

I'LL JUST  
TAKE MY LITTLE  
OL' ROPE AND  
TOSSE IT UP THE  
SHAFT



AN EXPERT CAST...  
AND A  
KNOTTED MOOSE  
SLIPS OVER A PRO-  
JECTING BEAM!



MAKES ME THINK  
OF THE EAST INDIAN  
MAGGIANS...  
THEY'RE SUPPOSED  
TO BE ABLE TO  
TOSS A ROPE  
FIVE FEET  
AND CLIMB IT!



BUT BEFORE THE  
VIGILANTE REACHES  
THE END OF HIS  
ROPE OUT A KNIFE  
FLIES IN A  
MURDERER'S HAND...

I'LL PART YOUR  
ROPE WITH  
THIS... I  
HOPE!



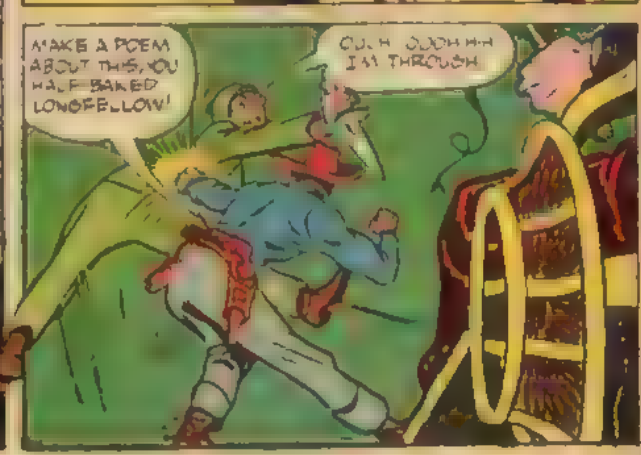
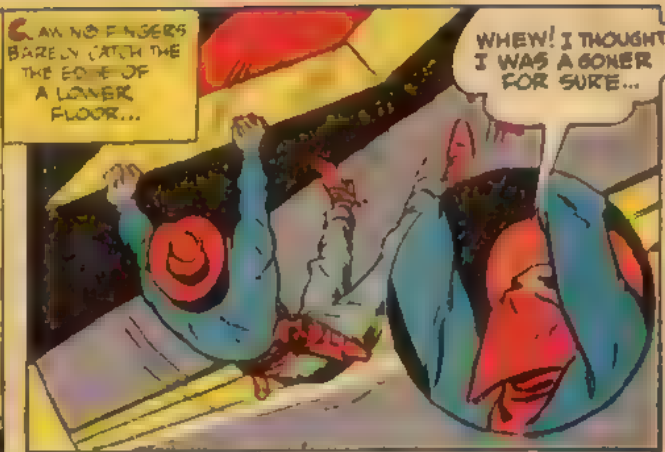
LOOK OUT, VIG!  
THEY WANT YOU  
TO TAKE A TUMBLE!



STUFF'S VOICE...  
OH, OH THIS LOOKS  
BAD!









IN THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE, THE  
SHOCK OF THE LASH COASTING SILENTLY TOWARDS  
HIM!

... BUT THE LOADED  
HANDLES WILL DO AS  
WELL FOR THE TIME  
BEING!

GUNS LIKE YOU ARE  
SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH  
ENOUGH TO TAKE  
BACK FOR MORE!

I CAN'T USE  
THE POISON LASH  
FOR FEAR OF HITTING  
ONE OF THE  
OTHERS.



IT'S A GOOD  
THING, LASH,  
OF THE VIO YOU  
MADE HUSH!

AN' IF YA  
MANAGES TO GET  
LOOSE, YALL  
DROP TO TH'  
CELLAR AN' BUST  
YOUR BRAINS  
OPEN!

MINUTES LATER WHEN PAINFUL  
SHAKES CUT

SHAKES CUT  
YOU OFF YOUR  
ROPE, VISILANTS...  
BUT IT WAS SUCH  
A MEAN TRICK,  
I'M MAKING HIM  
PUT YOU BACK  
ON IT!

WH...WHAT  
HAPPENED?



YOUR LUCK  
SEEMS SCANTY,  
VISILANTE!



WE'RE HANDING YOU,  
BUT WITH  
A DIFFERENCE THIS  
WAY IT WILL TAKE SOME  
TIME FOR YOU TO DIS-  
TIME ENOUGH FOR YOU  
TO REFLECT ON  
YOUR SINS!

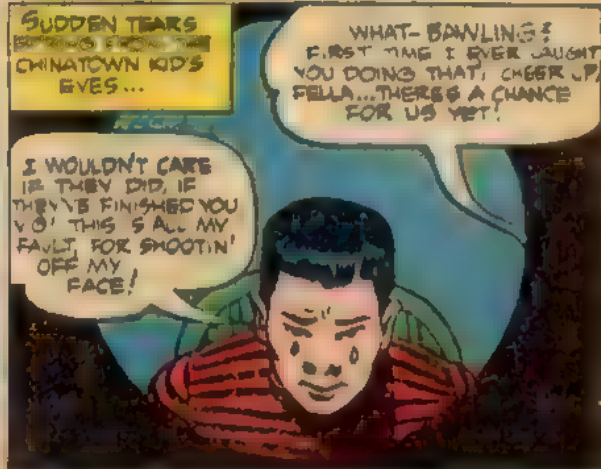


AND NOW I HOPE  
YOU'LL FORGIVE US  
TO WATCH YOU FINISH  
WE HAVE A PENDING  
THE GRAND OPERA  
PARKING LOT!



**YOU RATS-**  
I'M WARNIN' YOU  
RIGHT NOW, I'M  
GOYNA TAKE  
YOU APART!

TAKE IT EASY,  
STUFF...YOU DON'T  
WANT THEM STRIKING  
YOU UP BY THE  
HEELS, TOO,  
DO YOU?



SUDDEN TEARS  
CHINATOWN KID'S  
EYES...

WHAT-BAWLING?  
FIRST TIME I EVER LAUGH  
YOU DOING THAT, CHEER UP,  
FELLA...THERE'S A CHANCE  
FOR US YET!

I WOULDN'T CARE  
IF THEY DID, IF  
THEY'VE FINISHED YOU  
Y'! THIS S ALL MY  
FAULT, FOR SHOOTIN'  
OFF MY  
FACE!



IF I DON'T LOSE  
CONSCIOUSNESS TOO  
SOON, I CAN CUT THIS  
ROPE WITH MY  
SPURS!

ARE YOU BUGHOUSE?  
YOU'LL FLATTEN OUT LIKE A  
CARPET WHEN YOU HIT  
BOTTOM!

BUT AS THE DEADLY FLOW OF BLOOD  
RUSHES TO HIS HEAD THE RANGE RIDER  
SAWS DOGGEDLY AT THE TOUGH LARIAT  
WITH HIS POINTED SPURS...

DON'T DO IT, VIG!  
YOU AIN'T GOT  
A CHANCE IN  
A MILLION!

And Finally...

VIGILANTE!...  
MY PAL!... I'LL GET  
THEM SKUNKS FOR  
THIS IF IT'S THE  
LAST THING I  
DO... BUT IT  
WON'T BRING  
YOU BACK!

SNAP

(SOB)...THE BRAVEST GUY  
IN THE WORLD! (SOB)...  
NOW IT DOESN'T MATTER  
WHAT HAPPENS TO  
ME... (SOB)...NOTHING  
WILL EVER MATTER  
ANY MORE...

FAR FROM BEING  
BUGHOUSE, THE  
VIGILANTE CROOKS  
- 5 KNEES AND  
ARRESTS HIS  
DOWNWARD  
PLUNGE BY  
HOOKING HIS  
LEGS ONTO THE  
LEDGE OF THE  
FLOOR  
BELOW...

AH-H-H...  
I CAN FEEL  
MY SPURS  
DIGGING IN-  
TO THE FLOOR-  
THAT WILL GIVE  
ME LEVERAGE  
TO ...

...LIFT MYSELF OUT  
OF THIS SHAFT...  
...HOPE THOSE SPURS  
HOLD...

THEY DID!  
...AND NOW TO  
GET UP TO  
STUFF!

THE VIG!... ULP. IT'S  
YOU!... GOSH. AN' HERE  
I WAS WRITIN' YOUR  
OBITUARY!

HOLD STILL, STUFF! I'LL  
CUT YOU LOOSE WITH MY  
SPURS!...

I GET IT!... THEN  
I'LL UNTIE YOU! BOY!  
WE'LL SHOW THOSE  
RATS OUR SMOKE  
NOW!



BUT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE METROPOLIS, THE THIEVES PREPARE AGAIN FOR UNUSUAL LOOTING...

DRESSIN' UP IN THESE CHAUFFEURS OUTFITS WAS A SMART STUNT...



NOBODY PAYS ANY ATTENTION WHEN WE WHEEL THESE LUXURY WAGONS OUT THE LOTS!



YEAH!, ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS SLUG THE ATTENDANTS AND THE REAL CHAUFFEURS!

SAFE FROM PEEVING EYES THE STOLEN CARS ARE LOADED INTO VANS IN A NEARBY ALLEY



WE'LL DECLARE A BONUS ALL AROUND FOR THIS NAU!

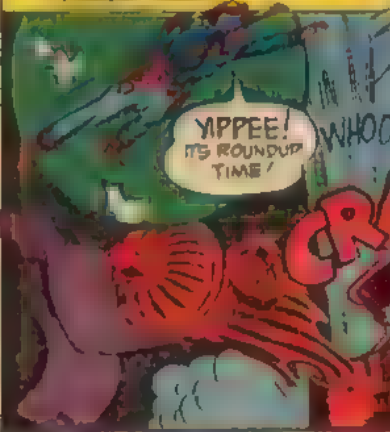
THERE GOES THE LAST... NOW LET'S ROLL 'EM FAST!



A GROWL OF BEARS AND THE PROCESSION GETS UNDER WAY...



A VELL OF TRIUMPH SPLITS THE AIR... A LITTLE FIGURE STREAMS TOWARDS THE FOREMOST VAN



STEELY FINGERS CLAMP ON THE STEERING WHEEL AND...

IT'S A GHOST!

YIPPEE! IT'S ROUNDUP TIME!

WHOOOSH!

CRASH

LUCKY THESE VANS ARE STEEL THE CARS INSIDE WON'T BE HURT MUCH!

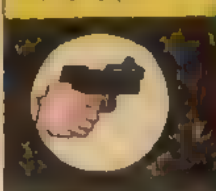


THE ROBBERS' GETAWAY IS SPOILED BUT A NO OF DEADLY GUNS MENACES THE MAN WHO HAS DARED TO INTERFERE...



IF HE AIN'T A GHOST HE IS A MOST FAREWELL, RIDEY, AND I DO MEAN YOU, VIGILANTE!

TRIGGER'S FINGERS GROW TENSE, BUT A HUMAN BOMBSHELL FORGALLS THE UNDERWORLD ERING SQUAD..



LEMME AT 'EM! I GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS HERE!



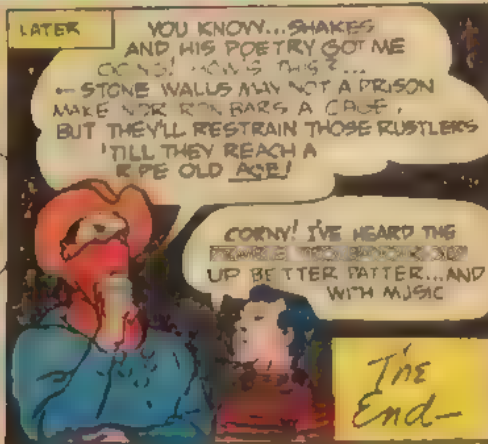
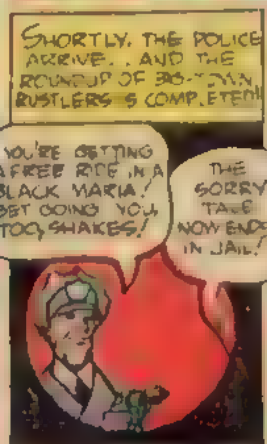
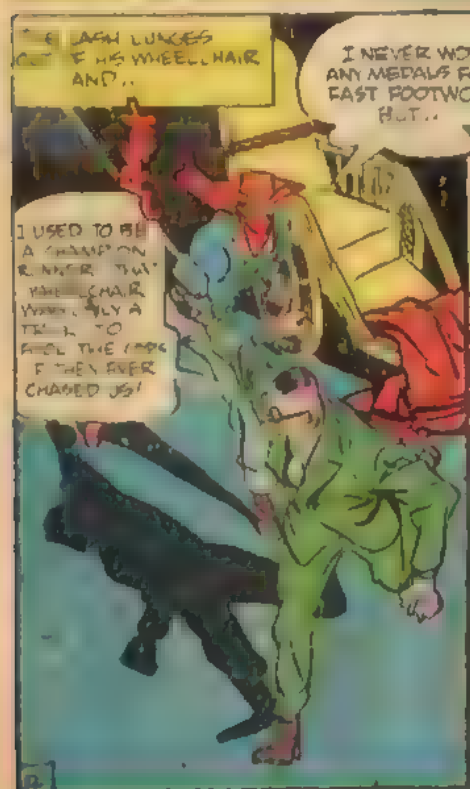
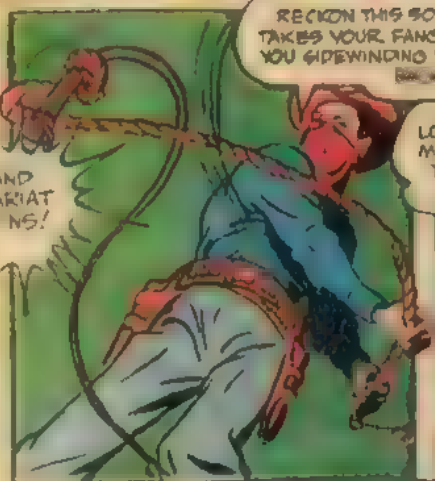
THIS'LL HELP JS BOTH TO FORGET YOU PUTTING THE SLUG ON ME CHUM!



OUT WEST, THEY USED TO STRIKE 'EM UP FOR RUSTLING... BUT I RECKON THIS IS ABOUT AS EFFECTIVE!









# ACTION AND MORE ACTION!

WHOOPEE! THERE ARE  
FOUR HIGH-POWERED,  
LOADED-FOR-BEAR  
**SUPERMAN** ACTION-  
ADVENTURE STORIES IN  
**SUPERMAN No. 16!**  
**DON'T MISS IT!**



**NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!**

## WORLD'S FINEST VALUE --- AND HONESTLY SO!

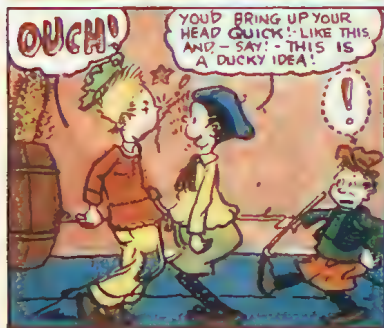
THIS BIG, 96-PAGE FULL-COLOR  
MAGAZINE, FEATURING  
**SUPERMAN AND BATMAN**,  
CONTAINS *NO REPRINTS!*  
EVERY PAGE, EVERY STORY,  
IS *BRAND-NEW, NEVER  
BEFORE  
PUBLISHED!*



**NOW ON SALE!**



# AFTER SCHOOL





## GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

ON THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,  
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!  
"SAVE THE RUINER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM!  
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

★ ★ ★

"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?" CHUCKLES GRANDPA, "IF THE CAR IS LAID ASIDE?  
"THERE'S HEALTH AND FUN FOR EVERYONE IN EVERY CYCLE GLIDE!  
"YOUR MA AND PA CAN RIDE A BIKE, AS WELL AS SIS AND BROTHER,  
"AND THOUGH IT'S YEARS SINCE I RODE ONE, I THINK I'D LIKE ANOTHER!"

★ ★ ★

"LET'S ALL GO DOWN AND GET OURSELVES SOME BRAND-NEW BIKES TOMORROW!  
"BUT, MIND YOU, WHEN YOU PICK YOUR BIKE, BE SURE IT'S GOT A MORROW!  
"THAT I KNOWS MAKES GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO SURVIVE YOUR DAD AND MOTHER—  
"IT'LL STOP SO QUICK, AND COAST SO SLOW, AND OUSTEP ANY OTHER!"



Famous for over 40 years! Quick stopping,  
easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball bearings  
(31) than any other brake. Your bicycle  
dealer can furnish a Morrow Coaster  
Brake on any bike—ask for it!

SCOTT RACING DIVISION  
MORROW CYCLES CORP., BAHIA, N.Y.



**MORROW**  
COASTER BRAKE



## YOUR 5 FAVORITE FEATURES "GO TO TOWN" AGAIN!

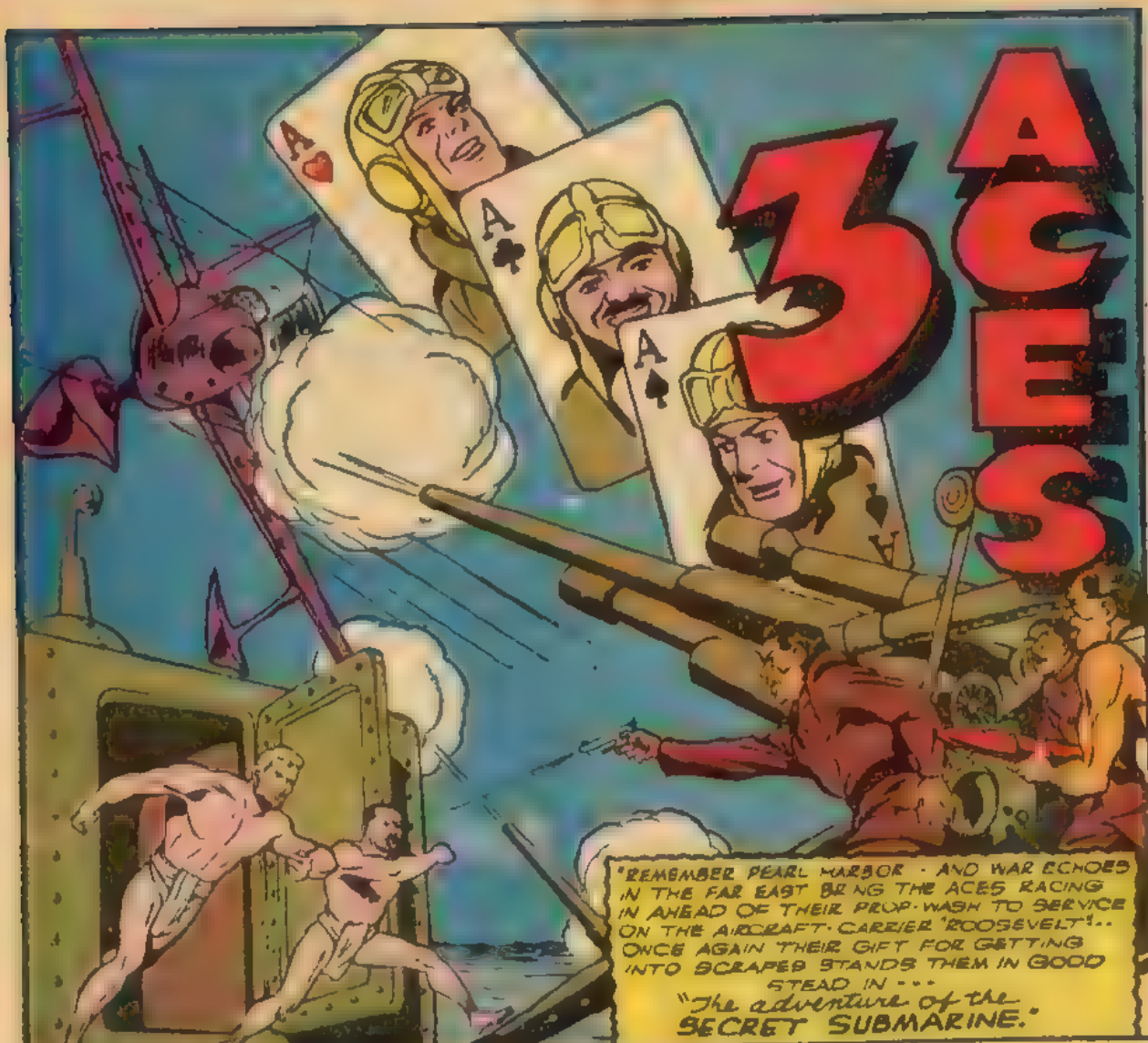
HERE'S ISSUE No. 2 OF  
LEADING COMICS  
—AND IT'S EVEN  
MORE TERRIFIC  
THAN ISSUE No. 1!



HOW CAN IT HELP BEING  
TERRIFIC, WITH  
GREEN ARROW,  
VIGILANTE,  
STAR-SPANGLED  
KID, CRIMSON  
AVENGER AND  
SHINING KNIGHT  
ALL IN THE  
SAME  
BOOK?!



ON SALE  
MARCH 18<sup>TH</sup>!



"REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR - AND WAR ECHOES IN THE FAR EAST BEING THE ACES RACING IN AHEAD OF THEIR PROP-WASH TO SERVICE ON THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER 'ROOSEVELT'... ONCE AGAIN THEIR GIFT FOR GETTING INTO SCRAPES STANDS THEM IN GOOD STEAD IN - - -  
*"The adventure of the SECRET SUBMARINE."*

THE HOT SUN GLOWS DOWN UPON AN ISLAND OCCUPIED BY THE ENEMY...

AFTER A WEEK OF THE TREATMENT YOU RATS HAVE BEEN HANDING ME, THIS IS A DISTINCT PLEASURE!

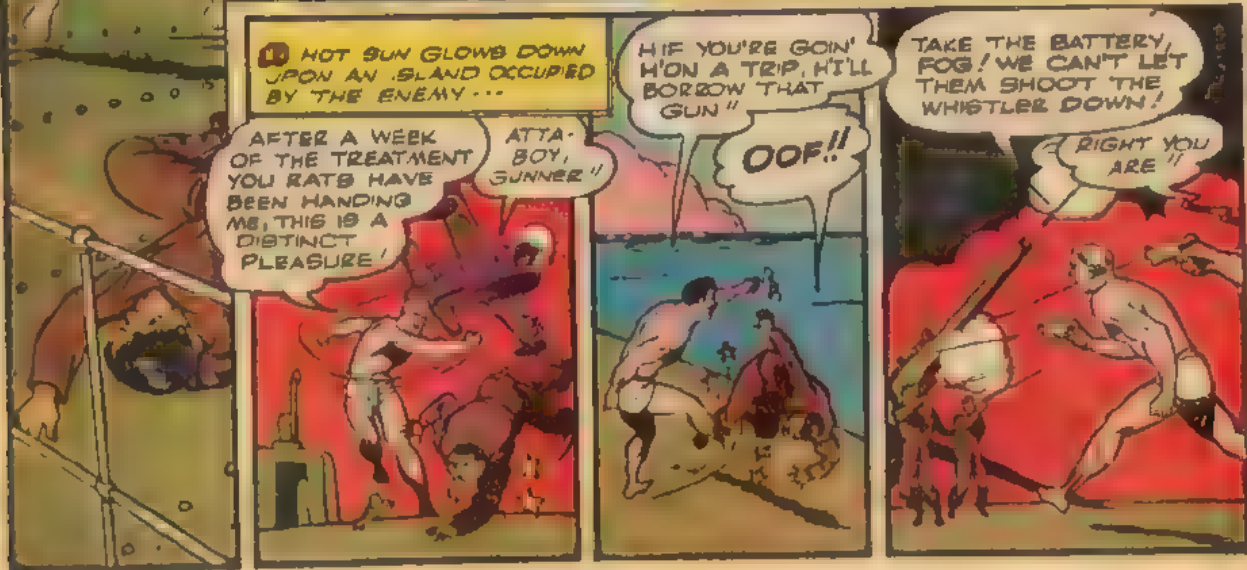
ATTA-BOY, GUNNER!!

HIF YOU'RE GOIN' M'ON A TRIP, H'I'LL BORROW THAT GUN!!

OOF!!

TAKE THE BATTERY, FOG! WE CAN'T LET THEM SHOOT THE WHISTLER DOWN!

RIGHT YOU ARE!!







I'VE GOT LOTS OF KICKS COMING, AND HERE'S WHERE I START TRADING EM IN.



TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T FEED ME BETTER SO H'D BE A LITTLE HEAVIER.

OW-W!

OOOF!!



ALL SAFE DOWN HERE... COME PICK US UP!!

GRAB THE CABLE WHEN I LET IT DOWN!



OUR AUTOMATIC CHATTERS WITH UNCANNY ACCURACY AS THE GUNNER COVERS FOR FORTUNE'S RETREAT..

TAKE YOUR TIME! I HAVEN'T HAD MY DAILY TARGET PRACTICE FOR A LONG TIME.

H'T'LL NOT BE LONG.. THERE'S MONKEY BLOOD IN MY VEINS!



THE YELLOW DOGS... SHOOTIN' HAT NA MAN WHEN E'S 'ELPLESS!

IF GUNNER CAN CLIMB AS FAST AS YOU DID, I'LL TEACH THEM HOW TO SHOOT!



THE SPEEDY PURSUIT PLANE SWERVES IN MID-AIR AS GUNNER PUTS A HAND ON THE FUSELAGE.

GRAB 'OLD, GUNNER' WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO TEACH 'EM A LESSON H'IN COURTESY!

I'LL BE ONLY TOO... PUFF, PUFF GLAD TO!



THE SIGHT OF THEIR RECENT PRISONERS ON THEIR NEW STEED OF THE AIR PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE JAP'S!

OW-W OW-W!

WHITE DEVILS GO CRAZY!

HALP HALP!

RIDE H'EM COW BOY!

While  
THE AGES  
ARE BULL  
DOGGING  
A JAPANESE  
CREW LET'S  
GO BACK A  
FEW 'BELLS'  
TO THE  
AIRCRAFT  
CARRIER  
'ROOSEVELT'  
ON THE  
DAY THAT  
GUNNER  
FAILED TO  
REPORT

WHAT'S  
DELAYING  
HIM ??

DON'T KNOW !!  
LET'S SEE THE  
CAPTAIN !

BEGGING YOUR  
PARDON, SIR...  
IT'S ABOUT  
GUNNER  
BILL

OH, HE'S YOUR  
BUDDY, ISN'T  
HE ?

OUR RADIC HAS PICKED UP  
JAPANESE MESSAGES FROM  
THIS SPOT ON THE EMPTY  
OCEAN. THEY MUST HAVE  
A BROADCASTING UNIT  
THERE. I SENT GUNNER TO  
PATROL THE AREA IF HE  
DOESN'T RETURN

WTF MEANS THEY  
GOT 'IM

MAY HE AVE PERMISSION  
TO GO LOOK FOR HIM, SIR ?  
WE WE'VE BEEN BUDDIES  
FOR YEARS YOU KNOW

I SHOULDN'T HAVE  
LET HIM GO,  
BUT I'VE GOT  
TO FIND THAT  
RADIO  
STATION AND  
PUT IT OUT  
OF COMMISSION

HE AND  
GUNNER  
WILL BE  
BACK -  
OR I'LL  
FIND  
OUT THE  
REASON  
WHY !

BUT THE HOURS LENGTHEN  
INTO DAYS AND THE DAYS  
INTO A WEEK AND NEITHER  
GUNNER NOR FOG RETURNS -

THEY'RE GONE  
FOREVER, WILL  
WHY NOT  
TRY AND  
FORGET ?

FORGET ? YOU  
DON'T FORGET  
MEN LIKE THAT !  
WE'VE BEEN  
THROUGH TOO  
MUCH I'M GONG  
TO THE CAPTAIN  
AGAIN !!

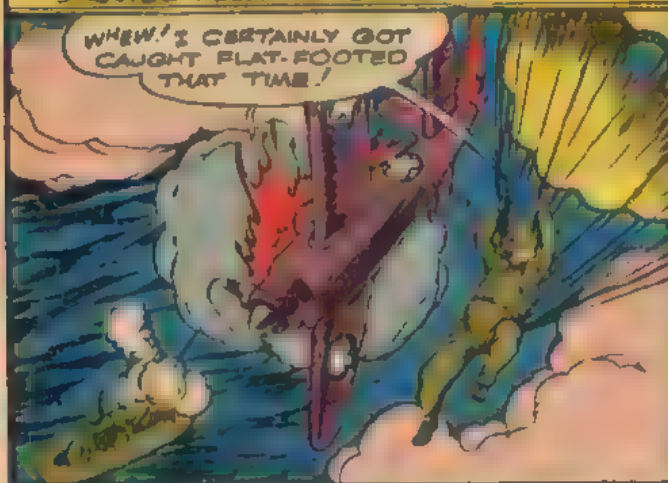
YOU'VE GOT TO  
LET ME GO  
UNDERSTAND !  
I I'VE GOT  
TO FIND  
THEM !  
I I'M  
GONG  
CRATY !

TAKE A  
EARY, WILL  
ALL RIGHT  
YOU CAN  
GO I CAN  
SEE THAT  
NOTHING ELSE  
WILL SATISFY  
YOU I GOT  
ANY IDEAS !

FROM THE WAY THAT RADIO  
STATION IS HEARD FROM  
AND NEVER FOUND, IT  
MUST DISAPPEAR UNDER  
WATER ! IN THAT CASE I'LL  
NEED PONTOON ATTACH-  
MENTS ON MY PLANE SO  
I CAN WAIT FOR IT TO  
APPEAR -



WHAT HAPPENED TO FOG?... DISASTER OVERTOOK HIM AS HE GUNNED HIS PLANE OVER A STRANGE FLOATING ISLAND...



WHEW... I CERTAINLY GOT CAUGHT FLAT-FOOTED THAT TIME!

FOG "THESE RATS GOT YOU, TOO?"

HAFFRAID SO, GUNNER!

STRIP HIM AND LET HIM HELP THE OTHER WHITE DOG IN CLEANING DISHES AND POLISHING OUR BOOTS!



THE TWO ALLIES WORK CEASELESSLY AT MENIAL LABORS

GUESS THERE'S NO GETTIN' H'OUT OF THIS PRISON!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! WE HAVE ALL THE MEANS OF SENDING A MESSAGE!



YOU GONE STRIP CRAZY, BOY? WE AIN'T GOT ANY WRITIN' MATERIALS!

DON'T WORRY, I'M ALL RIGHT! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN TONIGHT!



AS SHADOWS DARKEN, THE TINY CELL GUNNER EMPTIES THE WATER IN HIS CUP INTO SOME SHOEBLACKING!

WATER AND SHOE BLACKING WILL DO FOR INK!



AND A SHOENAIL FOR A PEN OUGHT TO LET US WRITE LEGIBLY!

BUT OW ARE YOU GOING TO SEND IT? THE WATER'LL MAKE ALL THAT SHOE BLACKING LEAK OUT!



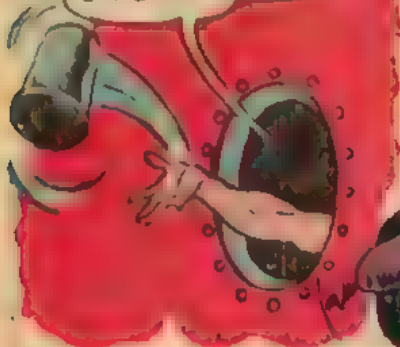
THIS HOT WAX WILL HOLD THE DRIPPINGS TIGHT TO THE NECK OF THIS GLASS SO TIGHT, IN FACT THAT THE GLASS WILL BE WATER-PROOF AND FLOAT!

HE! I THINK YOU'VE GOT H T GUNNER I DO!



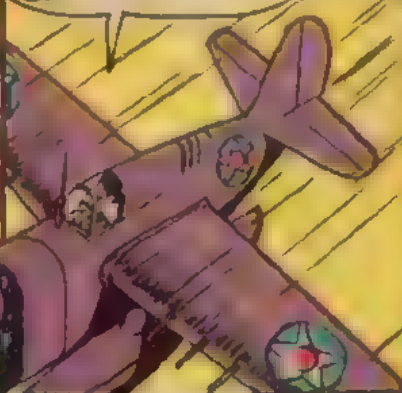
AS THE SUBMARINE ISLAND  
2959, A HAND TOSSES  
THE GLASS ONTO THE  
BOUND EXPANSE OF OCEAN...

THE SUNLIGHT GLINTING  
ON THE GLASS MAY  
ATTRACT SOMEBODY  
I HOPE...

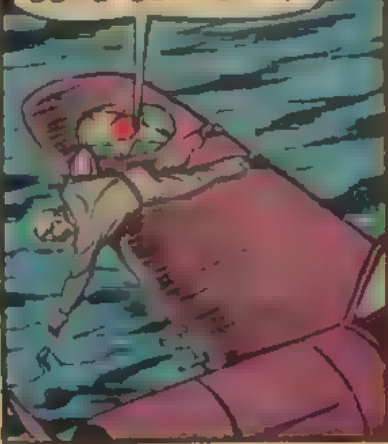


THAT "SOMEBODY" PROVES TO  
BE THE WHISTLER HIMSELF...

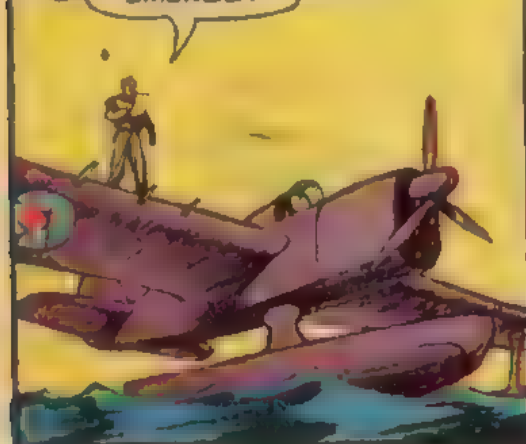
I CAUGHT SIGHT OF THAT  
THING A LONG TIME AGO..  
NOW I'M GOING TO FIND  
OUT WHAT IT IS!



I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT  
WAS THE PERISCOPE OF A  
SUB... HA... WHAT'S A  
SEALED DRINKING GLASS  
DOING OUT HERE?

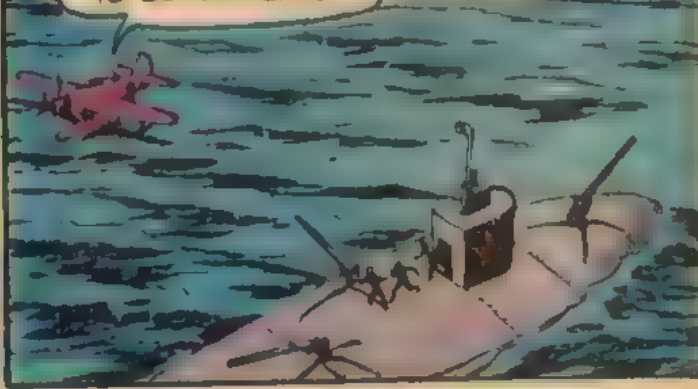


THEY'RE BOTH STILL ALIVE!! I'LL  
SHUT OFF THE MOTOR AND  
WAIT FOR THAT THING TO  
EMERGE!



A GLISTENING STEEL HULL RISES FROM THE  
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN--SHEDDING WATER LIKE  
A WHALE--

SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET A  
SURPRISE AND THIS TIME IT'S GOING  
TO BE THE JAPS!!

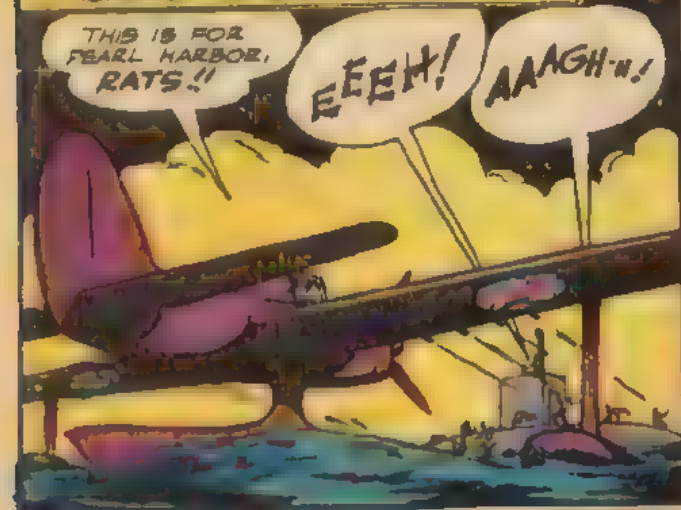


MACHINE GUNS BLAZING WILL HURLS HIM  
FIGHTING PLANE INTO COMBAT...

THIS IS FOR  
PEARL HARBOR,  
RATS!!

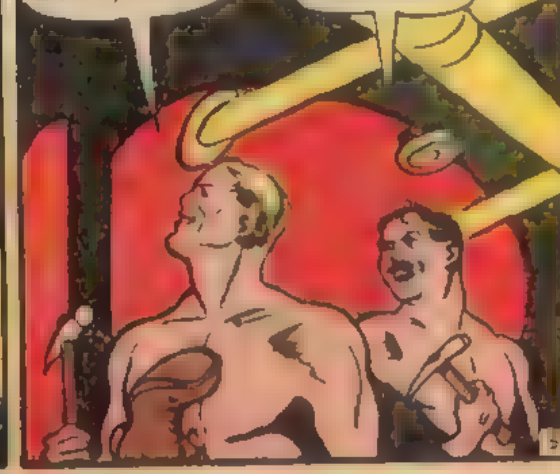
EESH!

AAAGH-N!

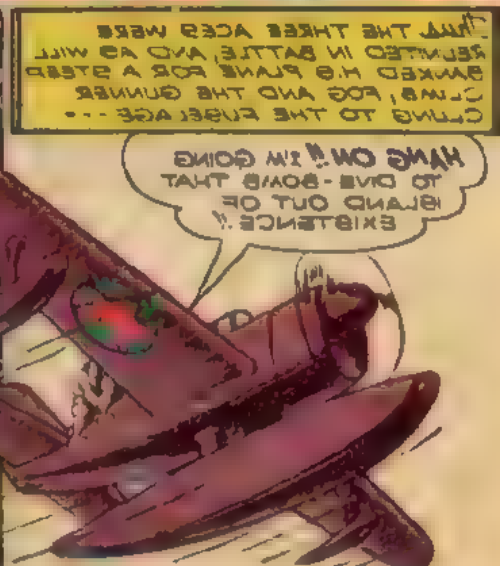
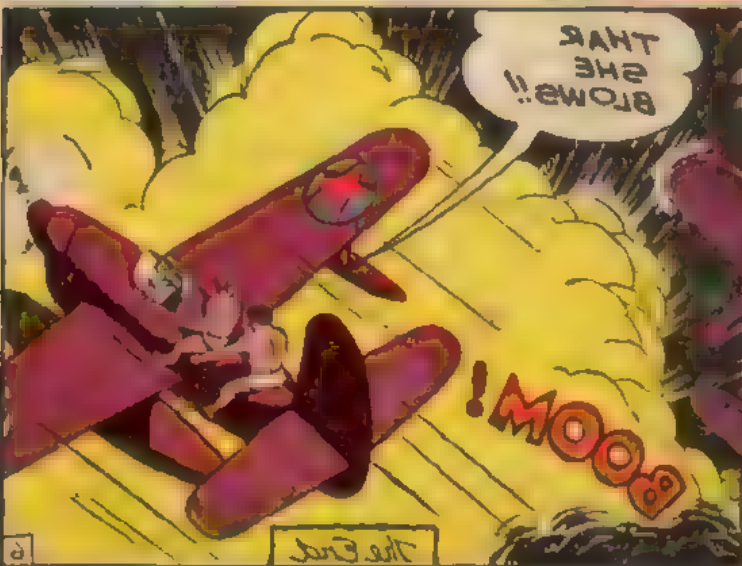


FOG!! THEY'RE  
FIGHTING THE  
YANKS HAVE  
COME, BOY!!

THESE YANKS HARE  
DOWN, TOO! LET'S  
GO GET 'EM,  
GUNNER!!







# MR. AMERICA

## AND FAT MAN

by  
BERNARD BAILY

A LOVELY BLOSSOM OF MIDNITE  
BLACK!! A WERD, UNEARTHLY  
MELODY DRIFTING THRU THE  
NIGHT!! THEN PANIC WRAPPING  
SLIMY TENTACLES AROUND THE  
CITY OF HAMLIN IS ONE BY  
ONE ITS LEADING CITIZENS  
RUSHED HELPLESSLY OUT TO  
JOIN THE DENT-LESSON  
MARCHING NEARLY TO  
THEIR DOOM! WHAT COULD  
MR. AMERICA OR FAT MAN  
DO--WHAT COULD ANYONE DO--  
AGAINST SUCH AN INCREDIBLE  
AND IMPOSSIBLE MENACE AS

"THE PIED  
PIPER OF  
DOOM"!!!?



DESPITE THE GRIM CLOUD OF WAR  
THERE IS TIME OUT FOR GAIETY  
AS THE CREAM OF HAMLIN  
WEALTH AND SOCIETY HOLDS A  
RED CROSS BENEFIT BALL....

HOORAY FOR  
THE RED  
CROSS!

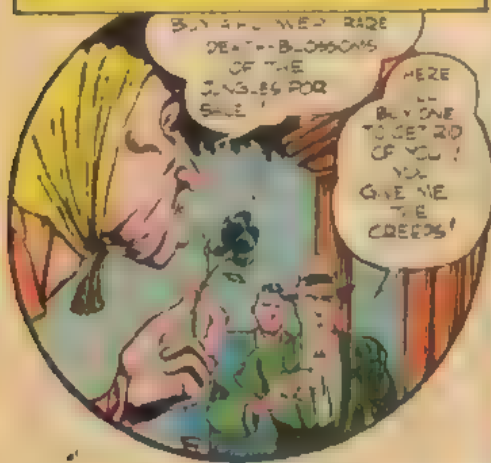
I'LL GIVE ANOTHER  
TEN THOUSAND  
TO THE FUND!

LET ME  
DONATE FOR  
\$25,000!





BUT AND THAT SANEY HIDE ONE WHO DOES NOT LAUGH--AN OLD BELL-FLOWER SELLER, A WOMAN OF MYSTERY STRANGELY REPELLANT...



BUY A FLOWER RIDE DEATH--BLOSSOMS OF THE JUNGLES FOR SALE!

HERE TO BUY ONE TO GET TO OF YOU! YOU GIVE ME THE CREEPS!

AMONG THE GUESTS ARE TEX THOMSON AND HIS FRIEND, BOB DALBY, TAKING A REST FROM THE SUMMER HOLES AS MR AMERICA AND FAT MAN...



I FEEL SORRY FOR THAT OLD FLOWER-SELLER TEX! HE OLD LADY! I'LL BUY A FLOWER

NOT YOU! THESE FEW I HAVE LEFT ARE ONLY FOR IMPORTANT PEOPLE!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? SHE WOULD NOT SELL ME A FLOWER BUT SHE'S GIVING THEM TO THE MAYOR AND THOSE RICH BANKERS!



FORGET IT, WITH YOUR COLD, YOU COULDN'T SWEAT A FLOWER, ANYHOW!



MY FRIENDS IN BEHALF OF THE RED CROSS

LET ME COME FROM OUTSIDE



TEX HEAR THAT MUSIC OUTSIDE? HINT T LE HERDEST STRAIN YOU EVER HEARD?



STOP HIM!

THAT MUSIC! IT IS THE SUMMONS! I MUST JOIN THE DIED PIPER!

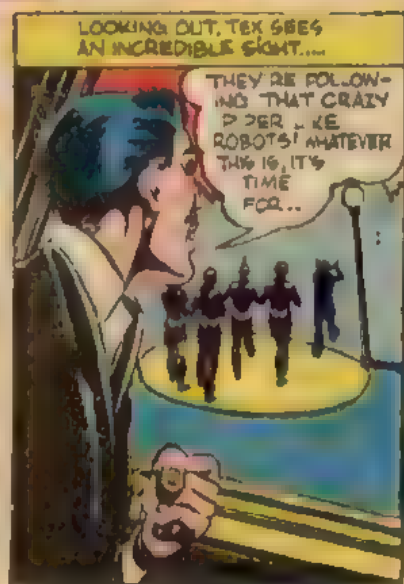


IN A MOMENT, THE RICHEST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN IN THE CROWD MOVE TOWARD THE DOOR AS TWO HYPNOTIZED

WHAT IS THIS, TEX? A GAG?

IT'S NO GAG! BAR THE DOOR AND KEEP THOSE MEN AWAY FROM

GONG OUT AND TRACE THAT MUSIC! SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS HAPPENING, I'M SURE!



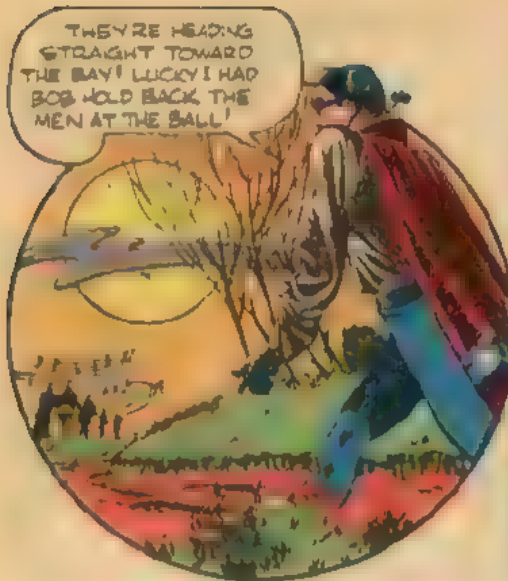
LOOKING OUT, TEX SEES AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT...

THEY'RE FOLLOWING THAT CRAZY DIED PIPER! ROBOT! WHATEVER THIS IS, IT'S TIME FOR...

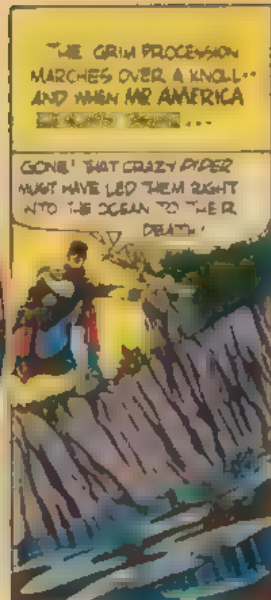


VANISHING INTO A DARK DOORWAY BELOW, TEX THOMSON PERFORMS A QUICK CHANGE AND BECOMES...

MR AMERICA! NOW TO FOLLOW THAT WEIRD PROCESSION!

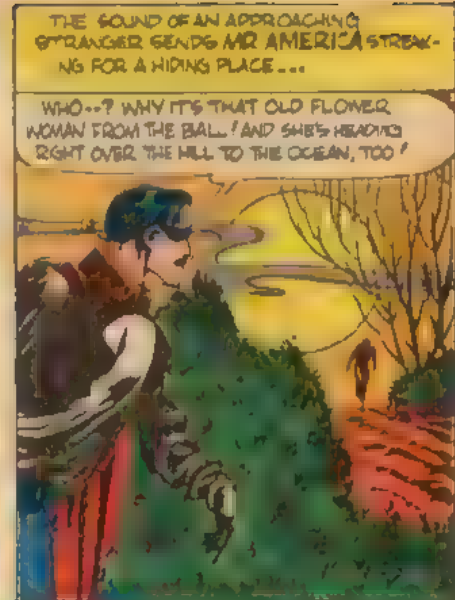


THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD THE BAY! LUCKY I HAD BOB HOLD BACK THE MEN AT THE BALL!



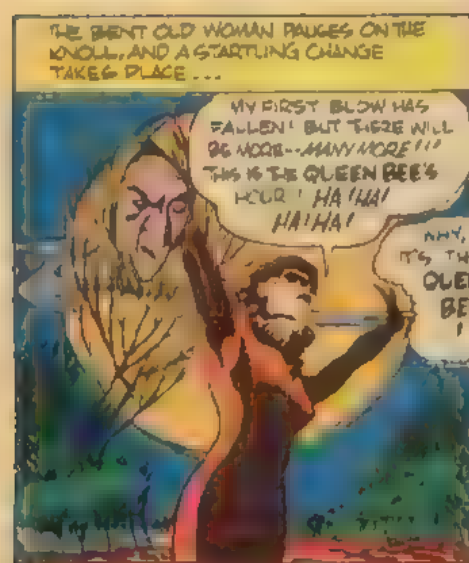
THE GRIM PROCESSION MARCHES OVER A KNOLL... AND WHEN MR AMERICA

GONE! THAT CRAZY PIPER MUST HAVE LED THEM RIGHT INTO THE OCEAN TO THEIR DEATH!



THE SOUND OF AN APPROACHING STRANGER SENDS MR AMERICA STREAKING FOR A HIDING PLACE...

WHO--? WHY IT'S THAT OLD FLOWER WOMAN FROM THE BALL! AND SHE'S HEADING RIGHT OVER THE HILL TO THE OCEAN, TOO!



THE BENT OLD WOMAN PAUSES ON THE KNOLL, AND A STARTLING CHANGE TAKES PLACE...

MY FIRST BLOW HAS FALLEN! BUT THERE WILL BE MORE--MANY MORE!! THIS IS THE QUEEN BEE'S HOUR! HA! HA! HA! HA!

ANY, IT'S THE QUEEN BEE!



MR AMERICA RUSHES TO THE KNOLL, AND FINDS--NOTHING!!

SHE'S GONE--VANISHED! SHE DISAPPEARED RIGHT UNDER THE WATER JUST LIKE THOSE POOR VICTIMS OF THE PIPER!!

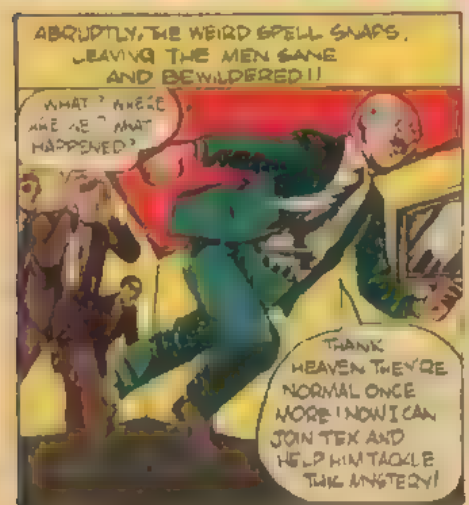


MEANWHILE BOB IS HAVING HIS HANDS FULL TRYING TO KEEP THE STRANGELY BEHAVIORING MEN JOINING THE DEATH PROCESSION...

STOP PUSHING, YOU FELLOWS! GET BACK!

LET US BY, YOU FOOL!

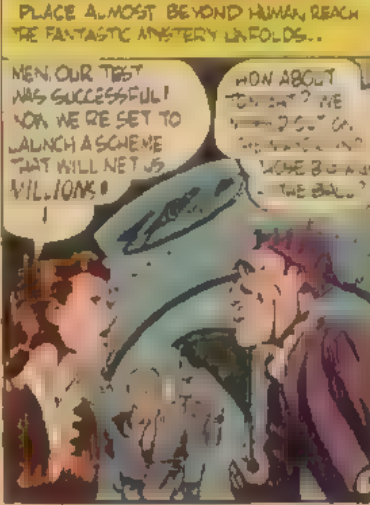
THAT WAS THE SUMMONS!



ABRUPTLY, THE WEIRD SPELL SNAPS, LEAVING THE MEN GONE AND BEWILDERED!!

WHAT? WHERE ARE WE? WHAT HAPPENED?

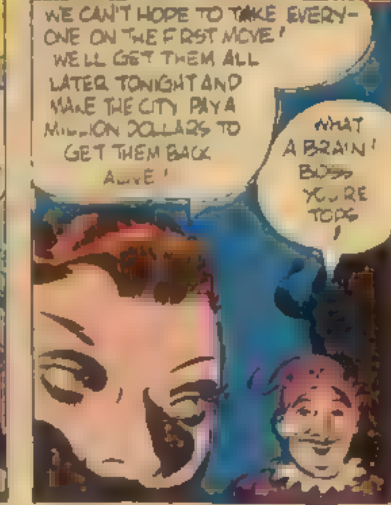
THANK HEAVEN THEY'RE NORMAL ONCE MORE! NOW I CAN JOIN TEX AND HELP HIM TACKLE THIS MYSTERY!



MEANWHILE IN AN INCREDBLE HIDING PLACE ALMOST BEYOND HUMAN REACH THE FANTASTIC MYSTERY UNFOLDS...

MEN, OUR TEST WAS SUCCESSFUL! NOW WE'RE SET TO LAUNCH A SCHEME THAT WILL NET US MILLIONS!

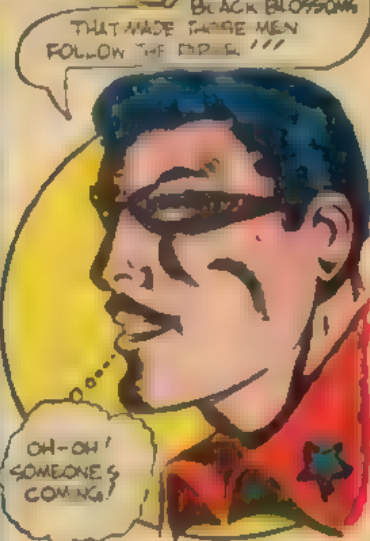
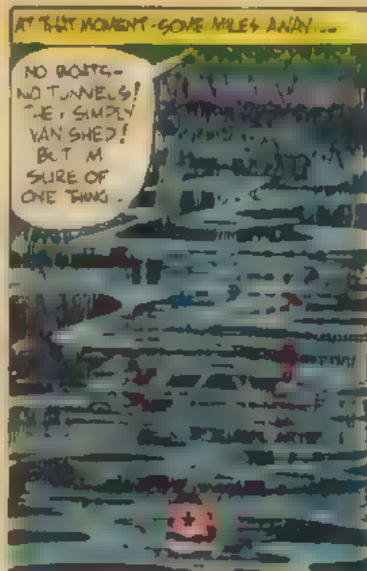
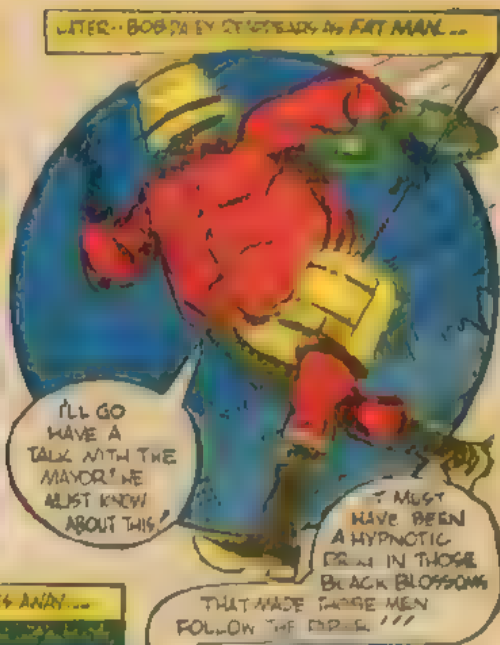
HOW ABOUT TONIGHT? WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM ALL BEFORE THEY LEAVE THE BALL!



WE CAN'T HOPE TO TAKE EVERYONE ON THE FIRST MOVE! WE'LL GET THEM ALL LATER TONIGHT AND MAKE THE CITY PAY A MILLION DOLLARS TO GET THEM BACK ALIVE!

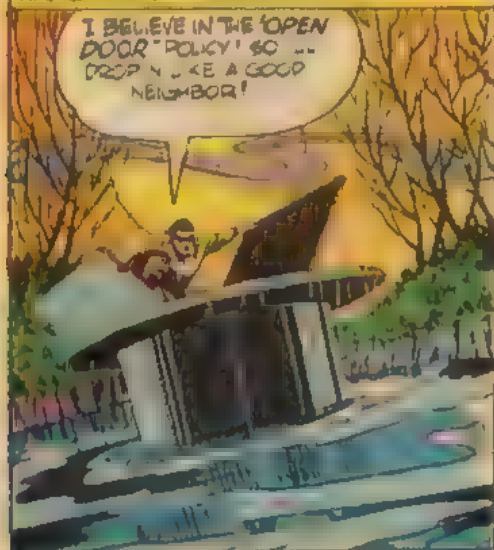
WHAT A BRAIN! BOB, YOU'RE TOPS!





MR. AMERICA PRESSED THE HIDDEN BUTTON  
AND UP CAME THE SECRET TUBE

I BELIEVE IN THE 'OPEN  
DOOR' POLICY! SO --  
DROP Y -- KE A GOOD  
NEIGHBOR!



ARE YOU  
FOR THE  
NOBODY  
SAW YOU  
USE THE  
SECRET  
ENTRANCE  
TUBE

ABSOLUTELY  
QUEEN!  
WE  
GUARANTEE  
NOBODY  
SAW...



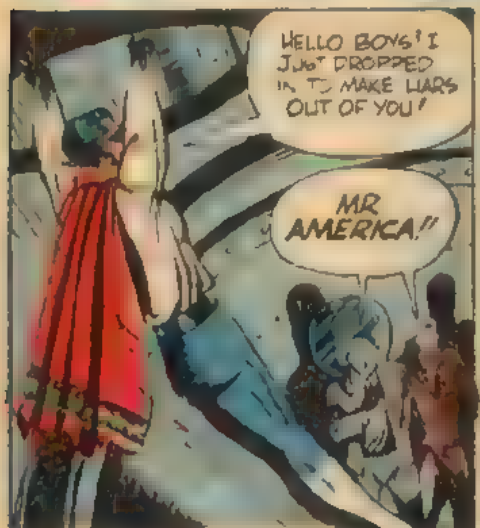
-- A THING! WE AND-Q-RE!  
WHAT'S THAT?



THE QUEEN BEE SUDDENLY  
CHANGES HER MIND...

I'M FINISHING THAT SNOOP  
RIGHT NOW!

NO!  
WAIT  
GOD!  
DON'T!



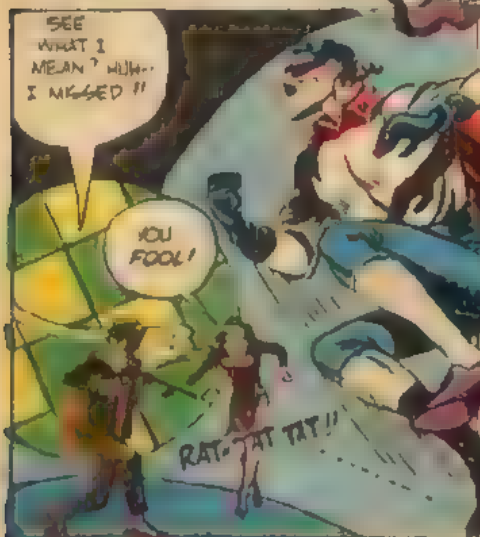
HELLO BOYS! I  
JUST DROPPED  
IN TO MAKE LIARS  
OUT OF YOU!

MR  
AMERICA!!



GET HIM! A THOUSAND  
DOLLARS TO THE  
MAN WHO GETS  
MR AMERICA!

START  
COUNTING THE  
ROUGH  
BOSS



SEE  
WHAT I  
MEAN? WITH--  
I MISSED!!

YOU  
FOOL!

RAT-TAT TAT!!

THOSE SWISS WENT  
THRU THE WALL!  
GET OUT OR I'LL  
ALL DROWN!

IN A HEEDLESS PANIC THE THUGS  
STAMPEDE, BEARING MR AMERICA  
DOWN BY THEIR WEIGHT OF  
NUMBERS...

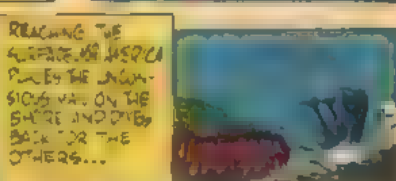
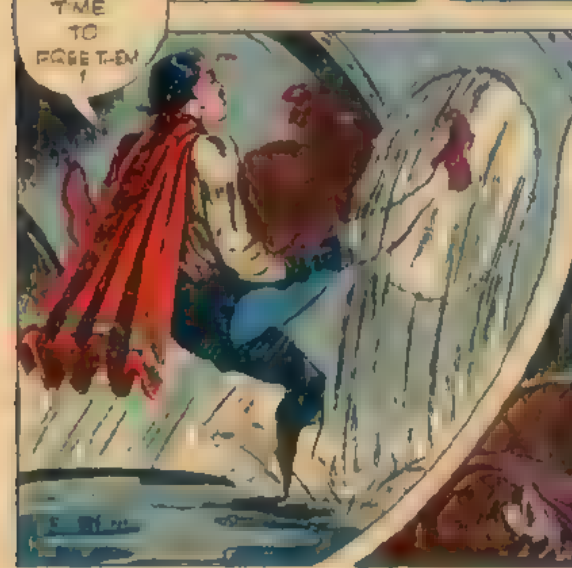
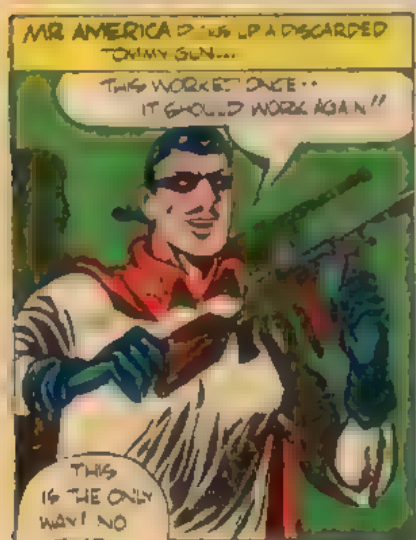
LEMME  
OUT OF  
HERE!  
WE'LL DROWN!

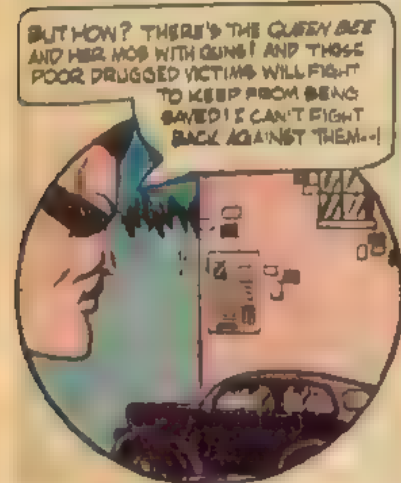
OUTA  
MY WAY,  
SWINE!

HALP!





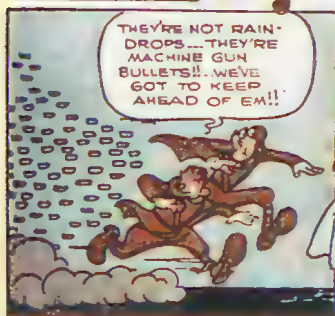
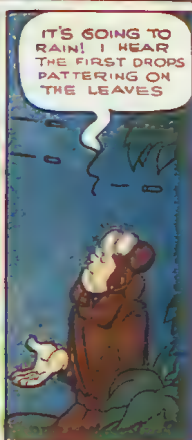
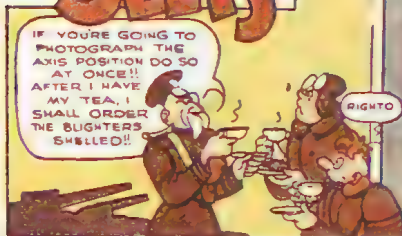








# The FLYING JEEPS





So! **SPIES!!** MIT  
SABOTEURS UND  
DUCK STEALERS!!

THE  
GESTAPO!!

SHOW  
'EM  
IN!

FOR THEM HANGING  
IS TOO GOOD! ----  
--SHOOTING IS  
NOT ENOUGH!!



THEY ENCIRCLED  
MEIN DUCK!!  
----IF THEY LIVE  
ANY LONGER I  
SHALL DIE  
MIT RAGE!!

WE'RE  
SUNK!

DON'T WORRY!  
I'VE GOT A  
PORTABLE  
PLANE IN  
MY SHOE!!  
IT'S  
AUTOMATIC  
AND  
PNEUMATIC!

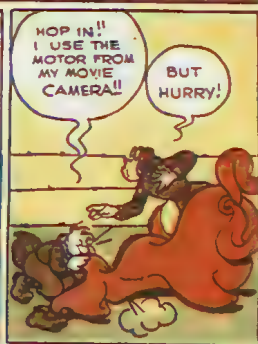
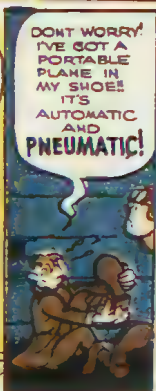
HOP IN!!  
I USE THE  
MOTOR FROM  
MY MOVIE  
CAMERA!!

BUT  
HURRY!

I USE  
MY FEET  
FOR WINGS!  
GIVE 'ER  
THE GUN!

WHAT A  
BREAK!! WE  
'ALMOST  
HABBED THE  
GENERAL'S  
PAPERS!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT THAT  
PAL---- I  
HAVE 'EM IN  
MY OTHER  
SHOE!!



# THE DUMMOX

by Norman Goss

"Grab him! Somebody stop him! He's swimming toward the wrong goal!"

The cry rose from the lips of Chief Petty Officer Martin. All around him was laughter and cries and shouts of encouragement. In the pool, a big, brawny sailor was grimly trying to propel a huge water polo ball to the goal. He didn't know it was his opponent's goal and a score registered would be for the other side.

Yes, Horace Smith was once again proving why, to the enlisted personnel of the Navy, he was known as Dummo!

Suddenly, one of Dummo's shipmates lining the pool could stand the excitement no longer. There had been a good deal of wagering on this match between the crew of the Cereus and that of the Ares. Into the water went the bluejacket just as Dummo drew abreast of the spectator line.

Dummo turned as the sailor touched his free arm. The crowd was going wild. "Dummo!" the sailor gasped. "You're going toward the wrong goal!"

For an instant, surprise possessed Dummo's good-natured face. Then, as he saw the opposing team cutting swiftly through the water, he realized what had happened.

Instantly, he turned. On the sidelines, CPO Martin groaned. What was Dummo going to do now? Try to crash that line? He'd never do it!

Martin gasped. Dummo's big hand left the ball, rose high, then came down fast with a resounding thwack! The big ball soared through the air, and the charging opponents, completely taken by surprise, could only turn and stare.

Somehow, one of Dummo's team-mates on the Cereus had managed to swim down the

sidelines, unnoticed. Now, his hand was on the ball. He pushed it, catching the astonished Ares goal-keeper completely unaware.

The pistol cracked, signaling the end of the game. The Cereus team, despite Dummo's boner, had won! And once again the Cereus held the championship of the Pacific Fleet water polo teams.

CPO Martin sank weakly against the wall of the pool as bedlam broke loose. His charges had, by some miracle, managed to win. Chief Martin's lips tautened. He'd have a few things to say to Dummo.

They were all there in the dressing room, the seven members of the Cereus' team, and over the laughter and back-slapping came the raucous roar that marked the laughter of Dummo.

"Dummo!" A hush filled the room as Chief Martin's squat, compact form appeared in the doorway. Eyes darted first to him, then to Dummo, who was standing ill at ease, although tentatively putting forth a grin.

\* \* \*

The remark that Dummo was the most foolish man in the Navy was but the prelude to a twenty-one gun salvo of invective delivered by Chief Martin. Then, at last it was finished and Martin, retreating, said: "Dummo, you're going to learn direction, pushing that ball, or you'll never play on the team again." His words snapped like the crackling fire in his eyes. "Don't forget, this is still the Navy and not a haven for muscle-bound athletes."

When the door closed behind the Chief, Dummo turned to his shipmates. They were casting piteous glances at him, try-

ing in their way to show that they understood, that they didn't hold it against Dummo for almost causing them to lose the game.

"You know," Dummo said slowly. "I think the Chief's mad about something. Gosh, I'm doing my best."

The room rocked with laughter. Horace Smith would always be Dummo to his shipmates.

But there was a side to Dummo that they really didn't understand. It took a few days for Dummo to really get it into his head that unless he could prove he knew where he was going, Chief Martin didn't intend to let him play water polo again.

Thus, the next week found Dummo absent, with leave, from his usual haunts. When he returned, it was to be noticed that his face was bright and shiny, hair gleaming and a general air of good health about him. He had taken to carrying a small bag, such as is used for beach wear, and all efforts to reveal this quirk had fallen upon deaf ears.

Suddenly, the Cereus was to put to sea within three hours. None, including the Captain, knew her destination, sealed orders having been given him. Shore police were sent out to round up the lads on leave and Chief Martin checked them off as they came aboard.

Chief Martin's face was grave. The Cereus was a mine-layer but never before had she taken on such a cargo of mines. There had been talk of trouble in the Pacific and now Chief Martin wondered if it had arrived. An instant later, he knew trouble was on the way.

Heralded by bellows of anger and the supplications of three shore police, Dummo was being herded up the gangplank. His hair was wet and moist be-



neath his canvas cap and his neckerchief was well beyond regulations.

Catching sight of Chief Martin, Dummox began a protest. "What's the idea—?" A shore policeman, cutting in, spoke to Martin.

"It's this way, Chief. This big lug is taking a swim in a pool. He doesn't want to come out, though we tell him it's orders. Says something about being on business for you."

"Oh, he did?" Fixing Dummox, who was shaking off his captor's hands, with a baleful eye, Chief Martin roared: "So, you'd use me to jump ship, would you? You big oaf!" He thrust his jaw into Dummox's face. "Why weren't you around last night for practice? No, you've got to duck out!" A stubby forefinger wagged before the astonished Dummox's eyes. "Get below and fix up," Chief Martin rasped, "before I brain you."

"Yes, sir. But I—I—" Dummox leaped, cutting his sentence in twain for Chief Martin had suddenly picked up Dummox's satchel and hurled it at the latter's head.

Disgustedly, Chief Martin turned to the shore police. "Will you look at that, boys?" he said. "I hit him with his duffle and it doesn't make a dent." He waved an impatient hand. "Okay, on about your business."

It was almost evening when word got around the ship. The nation was officially at war. The afternoon before, the enemy had struck silently, savagely, and dishonorably. The Captain's orders, when opened, charged the Cereus with mine-laying a certain area. From then on, there was almost no conversation. Mine laying is a risky business.

There was plenty of work for every man on board. The social amenities were not observed. Dog-tired, the men went to their bunks, confronted with gruelling work the next day.

Toward evening of the fourth day the job was finished and discipline was softened as much as possible in time of war. The

mines had been laid and in his cabin the Captain was charting their location, before proceeding to port. On deck, the men smoked or talked in whispers. Nobody noticed Dummox, working patiently behind a lifeboat. In his hand was a bicycle pump which he was trying to insert into the rebellious neck of a flattened piece of rubber.

Suddenly, from the starboard side of the ship came a startled cry. "Submarine!"

She had managed to sneak up unobserved. And before the gun crew of the Cereus could swing into action, she had broken water and now her men were training a one-pound gun on the Cereus. A signal man had already taken up his post. It would have been foolhardy, then, to risk a torpedo.

\* \* \*

It was the enemy! The hostile Captain stood alongside the signal man, inscrutable and yellow-skinned, and dictated his message. He wanted the plans of the mines that had been laid. He had been watching and knew what was going on. The Cereus was to send a boat over with the plans and, after that, the men could abandon ship. Otherwise, they would immediately be sent to the bottom.

Grim-faced, the Captain of the Cereus looked at the enemy. He spoke to Chief Martin. "I'm going to send you over, Martin, with phony papers. Try to distract them so that our gun crew can swing into action. It's our one chance."

"Aye, aye, sir." No emotion passed over Chief Martin's face. Ahead of him, the Captain gave the orders to the signal man. A boatswain's mate was working at the davits.

Another moment and Martin was ready. He and his men might come back. And again—! Resolutely, he started forward.

Suddenly, the captain's eyes popped. The gun crew on the submarine were firing at a huge globule which had astonishingly appeared from the stern of

the Cereus. In the gathering darkness, it looked like a floating mine, heading straight for the sub!

"Quick, men. Fire!" From the deck of the Cereus came the voice of the Captain. Quick to see the opportunity, distraction offered, the Cereus' gun crew swung into action. Shells smashed into the hulk of the submarine before she could submerge.

In three minutes, the enemy were swimming toward the Cereus and screaming for mercy. Martin, in a lowered boat was picking them up. His bewildered mind was trying to cope with the sudden appearance of the mine. "Careful men," he strained his eyes, watching the dark globule, and waiting for the ship's searchlights to come on. Light bathed the area, and Martin gasped.

There was an American sailor propelling the mine toward him. And now, a flash of revelation, with the flash of light came to Chief Martin. "Dummox!" he cried. "What are you doing with that mine?"

"Mine? This is no mine!" Dummox voice came clear and sharp through the night. There was an "aggh!" as he pulled into the boat and, suddenly, the mine disappeared. "This is my water polo ball," he said. "The enemy just thought it was a mine."

Dripping and shivering, but his face happy, he sat in the boat that was taking him to high honors. "Don't you remember?" he said to the bewildered Chief Martin. "You told me to practice direction. So I been doing that on my time off. When I knew we were going to anchor here awhile, I decided to do a little exercising." His face was puzzled as a thought suddenly occurred to him. "You know, Chief," he said, "I wonder where I got the idea that this ball would make those sub boys think it was a mine? Sometimes I puzzle myself."

THE END

[illegible]

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[illegible]

Plants of the same type have  
acquired the right to be  
as a part of the forest.

81 MAY 20 11 54



EXHIBIT 10  
EXHIBIT 11



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| EYOS Merced, Calif.     | " "                     | TABC San Antonio, Texas  | Kawthorn's Creamery     |
| WGAL Lancaster Pa.      | Saylor's Bakery         | EGRO Dallas, Texas       | Burkman's Henry         |
| EMO Spokane Wash.       | The Quaker Oats Co.     | KTUC Tucson, Arizona     | Meyers Furniture Co.    |
| WHBO Peoria, Ill.       | " " " "                 | WJW Akron, Ohio          | Bonanza Creamery        |
| KMO Tacoma, Wash.       | Midval Bakery           | KIT Yakima, Wash.        | Snyder's Bakery         |
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# CONGO BILL



FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA  
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI  
WE FIGHT OUR COUNTRY'S BATTLES  
ON THE LAND AS ON THE SEA

FIRST TO FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM  
AND TO KEEP OUR HONOR CLEAN  
WE ARE PROUD TO CLAIM THE TITLE  
OF UNITED STATES MARINE.

**ADVENTURE IN THE EAST INDIES. TWO**  
SLEUTHS IN THE  
JUNGLE RIVER  
THE FIRST MAN IS  
CONGO BILL; THE SECOND  
IS LIEUTENANT BARKLEY  
OF THE RAF WHOSE  
PLANS HAD BEEN  
FORCED DOWN IN THE  
STEAMING JUNGLES OF  
THE INTERIOR THREE  
MONTHS BEFORE  
PENETRATING THE  
ALMOST IMPASSABLE  
WILDERNESS, BILL  
WAS BOUND THE  
AVIATOR, AND NOW  
THEY ARE NEARING  
THE MOUTH OF  
THE RIVER





NONSENSE. I'M GOING TO HALT THE TOWN. HELLO! I SAY, ARE YOU THERE?

NOT A SOUND FROM THE VILLAGE. THE PLACE SEEMS DESERTED



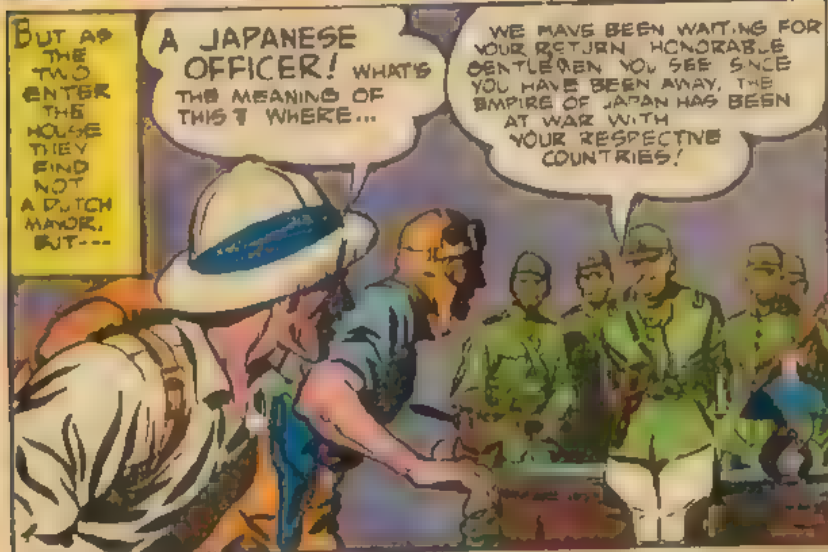
THE TWO MEN STRIDE THROUGH THE STRANGELY DESERTED VILLAGE

COME ON, LET'S HURRY TO THE MAYOR'S HOUSE. HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO ENLIGHTEN US!



ODD, BUT I SEEM TO FEEL THAT WE'RE BEING WATCHED, OLD MAN!

SOMETHING'S PHONY—I'M SURE OF IT—WELL, HERE WE ARE.



BUT AS THE TWO ENTER THE HOUSE THEY FIND NOT A DUTCH MAYOR, BUT—

A JAPANESE OFFICER! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHERE...

WE HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOUR RETURN, HONORABLE GENTLEMEN. YOU SEE SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN AWAY, THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN HAS BEEN AT WAR WITH YOUR RESPECTIVE COUNTRIES!



MY MEN OCCUPIED THIS TOWN A MONTH AGO AND WE SHALL SOON ATTACK THE AMERICAN GARRISON ON WEBB ISLAND. MMM... I THINK YOU WILL BOTH MAKE EXCELLENT BAYONET TARGETS FOR MY SOLDIERS!



OH YEAH! MAKE A BREAK, BARLOW! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



GOING DOWN! SOME FUN EH, LIEUTENANT?



IT GROWS DARK, SURE WE CANNOT SEE THEM!

OH, YOU FOOLS AND THEY WERE WITHIN OUR GRASP!!

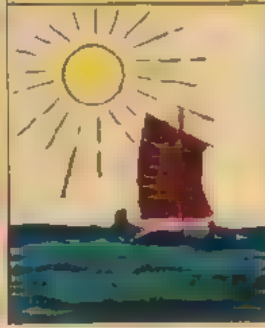


SOME  
TIME  
LATER

NO SIGN OF LIEUTENANT  
BARLOW - POOR DEVIL THEY  
MUST HAVE GOT HIM --HELLO  
WHAT'S THIS AMAL LUCK!  
A NATIVE BOAT, WITH FOOD  
AND WATER. FISHERMEN  
MUST HAVE ABANDONED IT  
WHEN THE JAPS TOOK  
OVER, WELL, HERE GOES  
NOTHING!



AND IN THE DARK  
TROPICAL NIGHT BILL  
PUSHES OFF THROUGH  
THE SOUNDING BREAKERS  
INTO THE FAR REACHES OF  
THE PACIFIC! FOR AN  
AGONIZING WEEK--HE  
SAILS ON IN THE OPEN  
BOAT HIS WATER LONG  
GONE, HIS STRENGTH  
QUICKLY EBBS---



...BUT THEN, AT DAWN ON THE  
EIGHTH DAY HE SIGHTS HIS  
DESTINATION WEBB ISLAND AT NY  
AMERICAN OUTPOST IN THE PACIFIC  
GARRISONED BY U.S. MARINES

EASY FELLA, YOU'VE  
HAD A TOUGH VOYAGE  
HOW DID YOU EVER  
NAVIGATE THAT BOAT  
TO THIS LITTLE DOT  
IN THE SINK?

A POCKET  
COMPASS, A MAP,  
AND PURE LUCK,  
CAPTAIN SAW  
HAVE YOU GOT  
A CANTEN  
HANDY?



LATER AFTER BILL HAS RELATED THE  
STORY OF HIS ESCAPE!

AND FROM  
WHAT I HEARD,  
CAPTAIN, THE  
JAPS ARE  
PREPARING  
TO STRIKE  
AT WEBB  
ISLAND!

BILL THIS IS A VITAL  
STRATEGIC SPOT WHICH  
MUST BE HELD AT ALL  
COSTS. I HAVE ONLY A  
HANDFUL OF MARINES  
HERE, BUT IF THOSE  
JAPS WANT TROUBLE,  
WE CAN GIVE THEM  
PLENTY!

CAPTAIN!  
ENEMY  
PLANES  
SIGHTED!



GRAB A HELMET  
BILL! THE FIRE-  
WORKS HAVE  
STARTED!  
MAN YOUR  
GUNS, MEN!

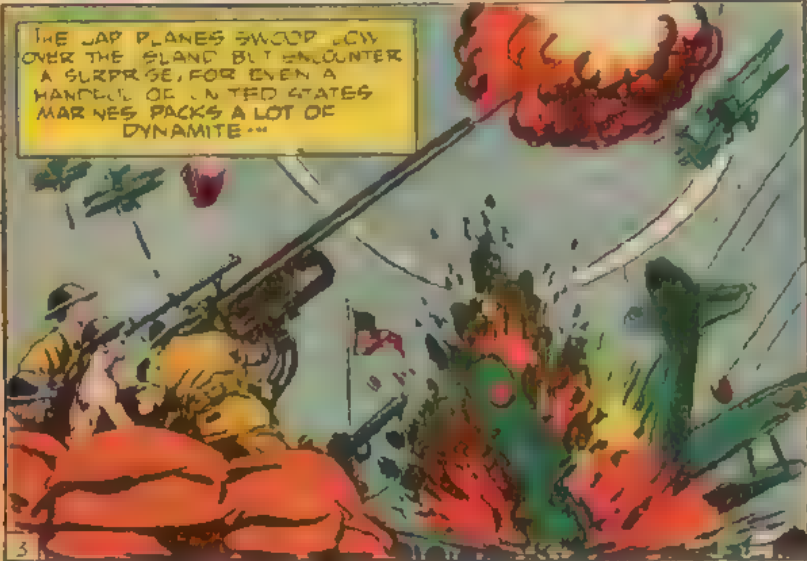


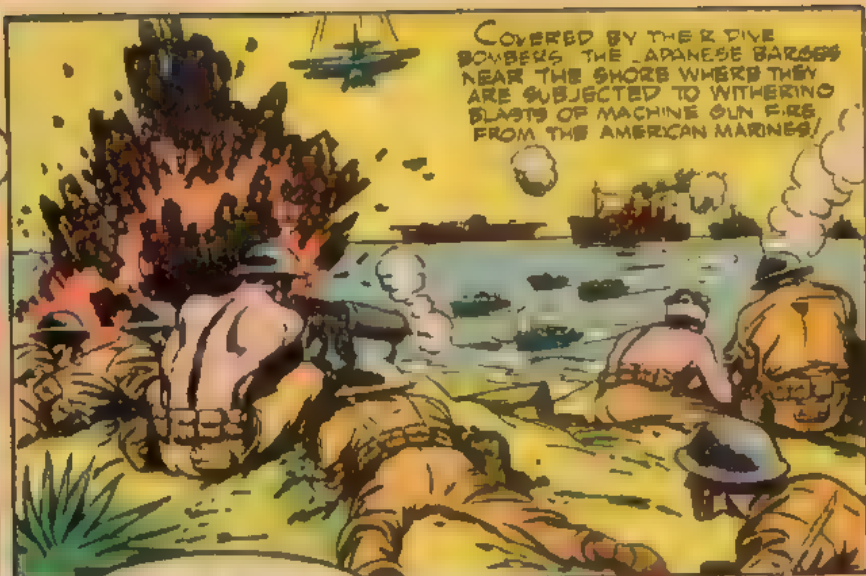
AND OUT OF THE SUN  
DIVE THE BIRDS OF  
NIPPON!



THE JAP PLANES SWOOP LOW  
OVER THE ISLAND BUT ENCOUNTER  
A SURPRISE, FOR EVEN A  
HANDFUL OF UNITED STATES  
MARINES PACKS A LOT OF  
DYNAMITE---

ONE LUCKY BOMB HIT  
DESTROYS THE RADIO  
STATION--CUTTING THE  
GARRISON'S CONTACT WITH THE  
OUTSIDE WORLD---





BUT A NUMBER OF BARGES SUCCEEDED IN LANDING THEIR CARGOES OF SOLDIERS ON THE BULLET-SWEPT BEACH!



COME ON, YOU LEATHERNECKS! DO YOU WANT TO LIVE FOREVER? CHARGE!



GIVE 'EM THE OLD STEEL BOYS!



YANKS BAYONETS DRIVE THE INVADERS BACK INTO THE SURF—THE ENEMY PLANES ARE UNABLE TO INTERFERE FOR FEAR OF HITTING THEIR OWN MEN IN THE BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE....



AT DUSK, CAPTAIN REILLY TAKES ACCOUNT OF THE DAY'S BATTLE.

WELL, WE'VE ELIMINATED THEIR LANDING PARTIES, AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE BLASTED PLANES, WE COULD HOLD OUT HERE FOREVER—WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



LISTEN! THERE'S A PLANE MOTOR SPLUTTERING UP THERE SOMEWHERE



IT'S MOTOR CUT, A PLANE GLIDES IN FOR A LANDING ON THE FIELD.

HEY! IT'S A JAP!

C'MON, BOYS. LET'S TAKE HIM!

DON'T SHOOT! IT'S A WHITE MAN!





BILL STARES UNBELIEVINGLY. FOR THE MAN CLIMBING OUT OF THE COCKPIT IS...

LIEUTENANT BARLOW!

BILL!  
I SAY, WHAT A JOLLY SURPRISE! IT'S A SMALL WORLD, WHAT!

BARLOW EXPLAINS NOW HE HAD ESCAPED INTO THE JUNGLES SURROUNDING THE SETTLEMENT AND AFTER HIDING FOR DAYS HE WAS ABLE TO "BORROW" A JAP PLANE AND SET HIS COURSE FOR WEBB ISLAND, ARRIVING JUST AS HIS CAS CAME

THAT NIGHT A COUNCIL OF WAR IS HELD AMID THE EXPLOSIONS OF THE JAP WARSHIPS

OUR RADIO IS SILENT. BUT WE MUST GET WORD THROUGH TO THE FLEET OF OUR SITUATION. NOW, WHERE CAN WE FIND A RADIO TRANSMITTER? RIGHT! ON ANY ONE OF THOSE JAP SHIPS OUT THERE!

CAPTAIN REFUEL THAT PLANE I BROUGHT UP WITH EXPLOSIVES AND I'LL SEND THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER TO THE BOTTOM WITH THE ENTIRE PERSONNEL TONIGHT! WITH THEIR PLANES GONE, YOU CAN HOLD OUT INDEFINITELY.

AND WHILE YOU KEEP THEM BUSY PEPPERING THAT CARRIER I'LL TRY TO BOARD A DESTROYER AND GET TO HER RADIO!

GOOD! WE CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME ABOUT IT. LIEUTENANT, GIVE BILL ENOUGH TIME TO GET OUT THERE TO THE SHIPS. THEN GO TO IT!

RIGHT-O... COOPERATION IS THE BYWORD. THUMBS UP OLD MAN. CHEERIO AND GOOD LUCK!

MANEUVERING HIS NATIVE CANOE ALONGSIDE THE DARK HULK OF A JAPANESE DESTROYER, BILL SILENTLY CLIMBS TO THE DECK

ONE S.P. NOW AND THE LIGHTS OUT!

SUDDENLY, THE ATTENTION OF THE JAPS IS CONCENTRATED ON A PLANE CAUGHT IN THEIR STABBING SEARCHLIGHTS. PUZZLED BY THE APPEARANCE OF ONE OF THEIR OWN AIRCRAFT, THEY HOLD THEIR FIRE.

GOOD OLD BARLOW! HE WAS RIGHT ON TIME TO DRAW THE GUARDS AWAY FROM THIS WIRELESS ROOM - NOW TO GET THAT MESSAGE THROUGH!

TAKE A NAP, MR. JAP - I'M TAKING OVER!

WHILE IN THE PLANE...

I'M RIGHT OVER THE CARRIER. AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS. WELL, THERE'S JUST ONE SURE WAY. GOOD LUCK, BILLY. I HOPE THIS DOES IT!



POINTING THE NOSE OF HIS PLANE DOWN, THE GALLANT BRITISHER ZORCS STRAIGHT INTO THE ENEMY CARRIER!



BILLY, UNAWARE OF BARLOW'S SACRIFICE, IS GETTING WORD THROUGH ON THE WIRELESS OF THE JAP DESTROYER "WEBB" SINKING. HE ATTACKED BY JAP AIR AND SURELY CRAFT-BRING PLANES-WEBB ISLAND CALLING ..."

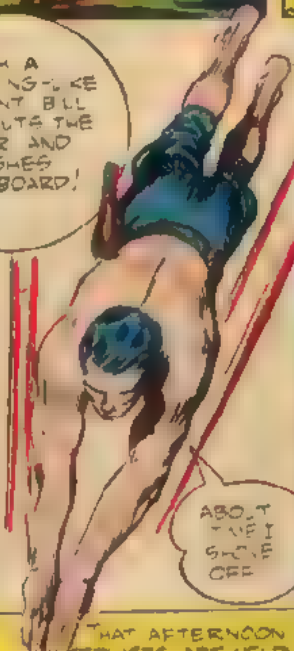


-BUT AS BILL LEAVES...

A.F. 70.7

MY MY! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE BOYS SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH GUNS?

WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVEMENT BILL UPPER CUTS THE SAILOR AND FLASHES OVERBOARD!



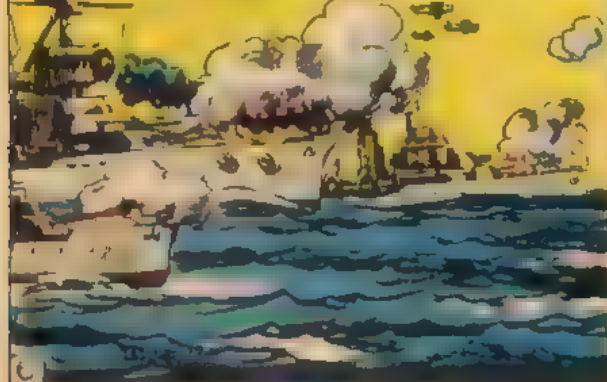
THAT DOES IT, CAPTAIN! LET'S HOPE THAT MY SIGNAL WAS PICKED UP. WAS BARLOW LANCED WHEN I WENT TO CONGRATULATE HIM?

LEUTENANT BARLOW WON'T BE BACK. BILL HE WANTED TO BE SURE HIS BOMB WOULD SCORE SO HE WENT FLYING WITH THEM!



ABOUT TIME SHE'S OFF

-BILL'S MESSAGE DID GET THROUGH. NEXT MORNING, UNITS OF THE UNITED STATES FLEET INTERCEPT THE JAPS OFF WEBB ISLAND AND SINK EVERY LAST ENEMY SHIP!!



THAT AFTERNOON ON TINY WEBB ISLAND MEMORIAL SERVICES ARE HELD FOR THE MEN KILLED IN ACTION... THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES IS LOWERED TO HALF MAST, TAPS ARE SOUNDED, AND SOMEWHERE BILL SEEMS TO HEAR THE VOICE OF LIEUTENANT BARLOW... "CHEERIO, OLD MAN... THUMBS UP!"



THE END



# ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY JOSEPH SULLMAN.

AS THE THUNDEROUS TUMBLING MUSIC OF COMPOSER JAN HAARL CRASHES OUT IN A CRUEL CENOCO OF WEIRD SOUND, THE MINDS AND BODIES OF MEN ARE SHAKEN TO THEIR CORE! BLINDLY THEY FOLLOW ON THE DICTATES OF THEIR BASER SENSES. THE URGE TO ROB AND KILL WHICH CIVILIZATION HAS TAMED, RUNS RAMPANT IN THEIR BOSOMS!

ONLY ONE MAN CAN HOPE TO FIGHT SUCCESSFULLY AGAINST THIS MODERN PILL PAPER -- ZATARA THE MASTER MAGICIAN!

THE TRAIL LEADS HIM INTO...  
THE CASE OF  
THE MADDENING  
MUSIC!



THE OPERA HOUSE LATE IN EVENING  
FELICEMER--JAN HAARL MIGHTY  
COMPOSER IS SEATED AT THE  
MALE THE PIANO...



THE MUSIC BECOMES EERIE SENDING  
CHILLS UP THE SPINES OF THE  
ENTHRALLED ONLOOKERS...



TWO HANDS REACH FROM THE EMPTY AIR  
AND SEIZE THE MANIACAL ASSASSIN!



LET ME GO!  
I MUST DESTROY  
I MUST!



TO KILL  
IS WRONG!

THEN MAKE  
HIM STOP  
THAT MUSIC...  
MAKE HIM  
STOP!



GO--AND RETURN  
NO MORE TO LISTEN  
TO THIS MUSIC!

I'LL GET OUT  
OF HERE! I'VE  
GOT TO--!

UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT: THE FACT THAT JAN HAARL HAS  
CHAINED HIMSELF TO NO ONE IS ABSORBED IN THE DRAMA BEFORE HIM!



I FAILED! AND YET--THOSE HANDS!  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, IT'S ALMOST  
AS THOUGH SOME MYSTERIOUS BEING  
WERE PROTECTING  
HIM!



HE TRIED TO STAB ME? PUFF!  
NEVER SO SCARED IN MY LIFE!  
WHAT A CLOSE CALL!  
THAT MAN'S A MANIAC...  
OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED!

LET'S GO  
HOME HARRY,  
YOU NEED REST  
AFTER THAT  
EXPERIENCE!

THE MUSIC CRASHES OUT AGAIN!  
HYPNOTICALLY, THE VILIM DROPS  
BACK INTO HIS SEAT, HIS EARS FILLED  
WITH WEIRD HARMONIES---



I CAN'T GO... I MUST  
LISTEN TO THAT MAN!  
HE--HE'S GOT ME GLUED  
HERE, ENCHANTED!

JAN HAARL LAUGHS SILENTLY  
TO HIMSELF---



I'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM THERE  
UNTIL I CAN LEAVE MYSELF--  
BECAUSE HE MUST NEVER  
ESCAPE ME!

HIGH IN A BOX OVERHEAD SITS ZATARA,  
THE MASTER MAGICIAN, WHO PREVENTED  
A MURDER, AND NOW IS MYSTIFIED BY  
THE MAGNIFICENT PIANIST---

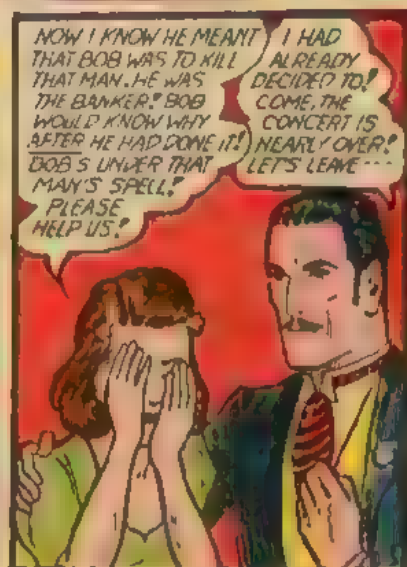
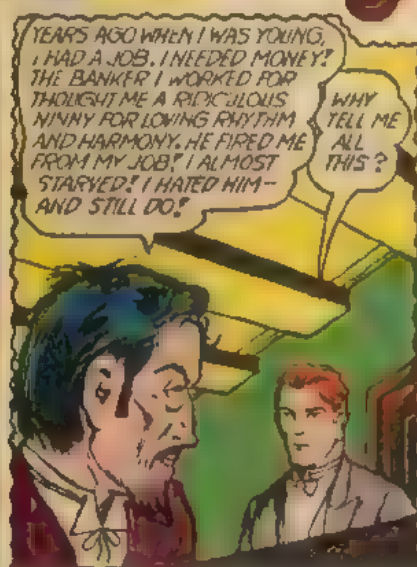


THE MUSIC HYPNOTIZED THAT  
YOUNG MAN INTO COMMITTING  
NEAR M. ROYER! BUT WHY?  
THAT MUSIC IS FRIGHTENING  
IN ITS INTENSITY!  
IT'S ALMOST  
LIKE MAGIC!





"BOB HEARD OF HAARL AND WENT TO HIM FOR VIOLIN LESSONS. HAARL IS A GENIUS BUT HIS MIND IS WARPED."



IN HIS DRESSING ROOM, JAN HAARL  
 SLIPS A KEY IN A LOCK IN HIS DOOR.



SO HE’D TRY  
 TO ESCAPE ME  
 WOULD HE? WE’LL  
 SEE ABOUT THAT!

LET’S  
 GO HOME,  
 MARTHA.  
 I FEEL  
 TIRED.

HOME  
 DONALD!

YES  
 MADAM.



THAT WEIRD  
 PLAYING!! I FEEL  
 AS IF I’VE GOT  
 TO FOLLOW IT!!



EVEN AS THE FABLED PIED PIPER, SO JAN HAARL LEADS  
 HIS VICTIMS THROUGH THE CITY STREETS...



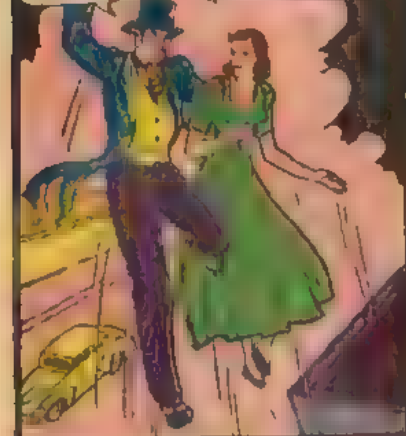
THERE THEY GO!  
 WE’LL FOLLOW THEM!

ALL THE  
 TAXIS ARE  
 TAKEN!



WHAT NEED FOR  
 CARS WHEN WE  
 CAN DO THIS—  
**ESIR!**

DOH!!



HE’S TAKING  
 THEM TO  
 THAT TOWER!

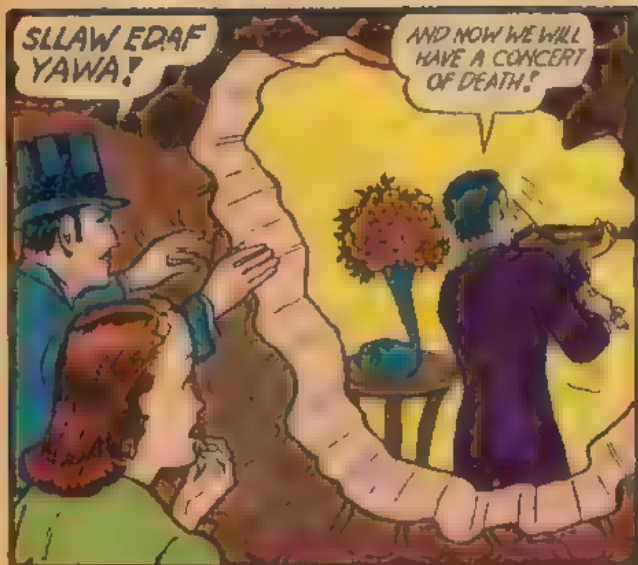
WHY, IT’S  
 LIKE A HUGE  
 VIOLIN!  
 WHAT A  
 SCARY PLACE!



LIKE SLEEPWALKERS, THE HYPNOTIZED  
 TRIO FOLLOW THE MUSICIAN...







THE MUSICIAN REALIZES THAT HIS VICTIMS ARE DISAPPEARING BEFORE HIS EYES!

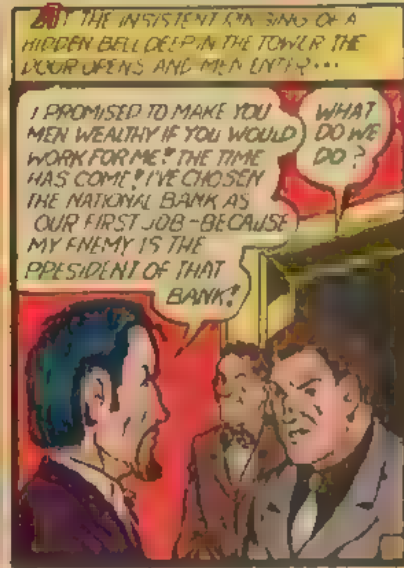
HE BOW ON THE TRAIT STRINGS OF THE VIOLIN PLAYS MADDENING MUSIC! ZATARA REELS AND STAGGERS...

NO...NO! I MUST NOT BE ROBBED OF MY REVENGE! I'LL MAKE THEM DIE-I'LL MAKE THEM KILL THEMSELVES!

YOU TWO SHALL DIE IN THEIR PLACE! YOU SHALL KILL YOURSELF!

OH! THAT MUSIC!

I WANT TO DIE! I WANT TO DIE!





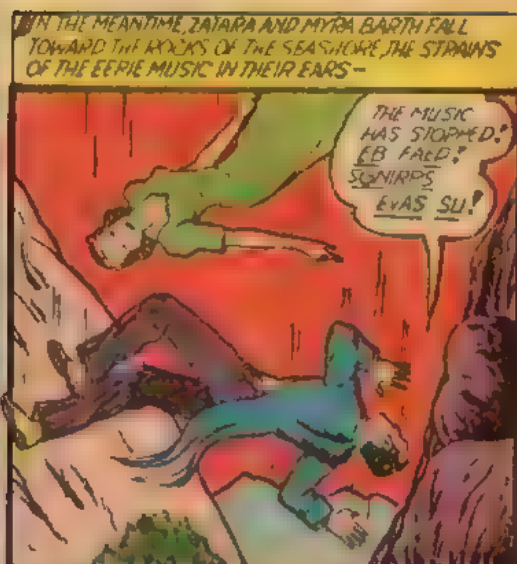
I WILL BROADCAST MY MUSIC, YOU WILL CARRY A PORTABLE RADIO WITH YOU... AND EAR PLUGS TO KEEF OUT THE SOUND OF MY MUSIC. TURN ON THE RADIO - AND ROB THE BANK. YOU WILL NOT BE MOLESTED.

COME ON LET'S GET STARTED!

WHAT A CINC THIS IS!



AFTER TO-NIGHT'S WORK AT THE BANK I'LL VISIT LUCIUS GORDON AT HIS OFFICE. SYMPATHIZE - THEN DESTROY HIM!



IN THE MEANTIME, ZATARA AND MYRA BARTH FALL TOWARD THE ROCKS OF THE SEASHORE, THE STRAINS OF THE EERIE MUSIC IN THEIR EARS -

THE MUSIC HAS STOPPED! EB FAED? SONIRPS EVAS SU!

GIANT SPRINGS LEAP UP FROM THE ROCKS TO CRADLE THEIR FALL.



OH... I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING! THE MUSIC HAS STOPPED!

ESIR OTNI RIA!



WE WERE SAVED BY AN AIR ROCKET! AS WE FELL I DROPPED THROUGH A VACUUM IN THE AIR FAMILIAR TO ALL AVIATORS NO SOUND CARRIED THROUGH TO ME AND IN THAT INSTANT I MADE US DEAF!



THAT HORRIBLE MAN! WHAT CAN WE DO TO STOP HIS MAD SCHEMES?

YOU WAIT HERE, LEST YOU ARE COLD AND HUNGRY I'LL PROVIDE FIRE AND FOOD FOR YOU - WHILE I GO BELOW TO ATTEND TO OUR MUSICAL FRIEND! EB TI OS!



WHEE, THIS IS GETTING TO BE FUN!

FOR YOU BUT NO! FOR JAY HAAR! FAREWELL!



A CAR SPEEDING AWAY! I MUST LEARN WHY HE IS GOING!



INSIDE THE CAR...

HERE GO THE EAR PLUGS. HE'S GOIN TO PLAY MUSIC CAN Y'IMAGINE? I DON'T SEE WHY WE GOT TO DO THIS, BUT WHAT HE SAYS GOES!

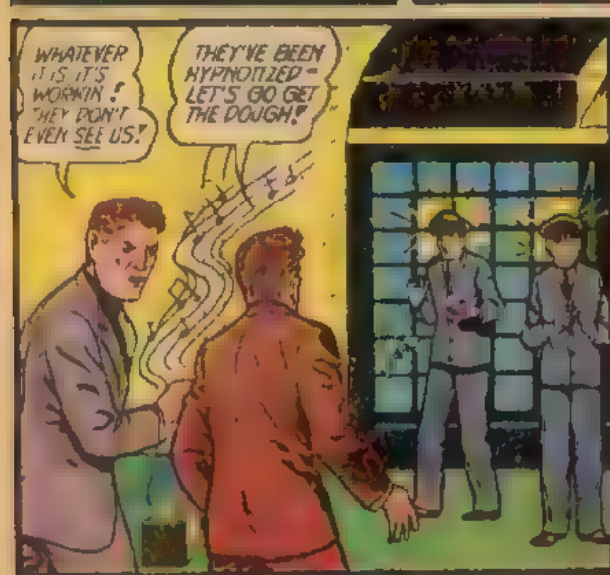


AT THE BANK...

OH OH! HERE THEY COME! I HOPE THIS WORKS! QUICK! TURN ON THE RADIO! MOVE AWAY! WE SHOOT! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



FROM THE LOUDSPEAKERS STAMPS OF MUSIC SWEEL OUT IN THE CLOSE CONFINES OF THE BANK....



WHATEVER IT IS IT'S WORKIN'! THEY DON'T EVEN SEE US! THEY'VE BEEN HYPNOTIZED - LET'S GO GET THE DOUGH!

AS THE WOULD-BE ROBERTS RACE TOWARD THE BANK'S VAULTS THEY PAUSE TO OBSERVE A SHADOWY FIGURE ENTER THE BANK BEHIND THEM...



I CAN BORROW A LEAF FROM HAARL'S BOOK AND USE EAR PLUGS MYSELF... AND NOW - EES SGNHT!



COME AND GET IT! - YEEHOOOW! BOO!



LET'S SCRAM! THIS AIN'T FAIR TO CRIME HIDIN' AWFUL THINGS LIKE THAT IN THE VAULTS! HAARL SHOULD'VE GIVEN US BLINDERS!



I THINK YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE TOO WELL... EB SA EKOMS!

THE GUARDS ARE RELEASED FROM THE SPELL OF THE WEIRD MUSIC LEAF FOR THE PHURBENS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

HELLO! THINK'S ARE GOING ALL WRONG!

TRY AND HYPNOTIZE US, WILL YOU?

I WON'T BE NEEDED HERE ANY LONGER.



... BUT I THINK JAN HAAR! COULD USE A LITTLE OF MY MAGIC!

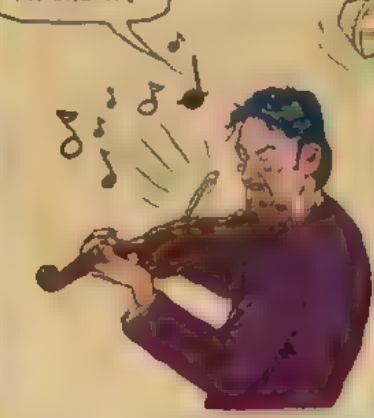


THE MUSICIAN HAS DECIDED ON A SCHEME THAT WOULD ENABLE HIM TO DESTROY HIS ENEMY...



IF I BROADCAST MY MUSIC OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOOKUP, SOMEONE WILL HEAR IT - AND KILL GORDON!

EVERYONE WHO HEARS THIS MELODY WILL TRY TO KILL SOMEONE. ONE OF THOSE VICTIMS WILL BE MY ENEMY!



HAPPY HOMES ARE DISRUPTED BY THE MADDENING RHYTHMS LUMING FROM THE LOFT SPEAKER...



I'M GOING TO SOAK YOU WITH THIS LAMP! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME BUT I MUST DO THIS!

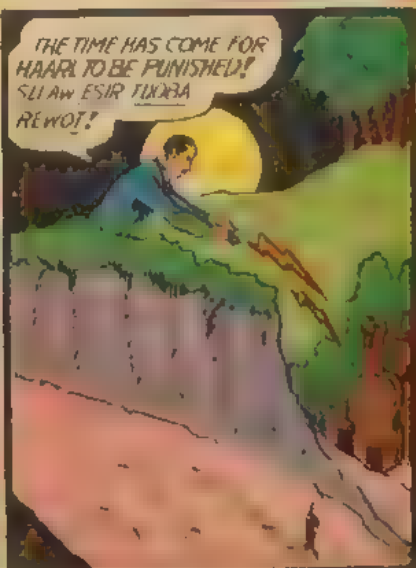
ME, YOU? I WANT TO TALK YOU WITH THESE SCISSORS!

SUDDENLY, THE MUSIC STOPS - JUST IN TIME!



MOMMY I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME!

HOLD ME ED! I'M SCARED! THAT WAS AN AWFUL FEELING!



THE TIME HAS COME FOR HAAR! TO BE PUNISHED! SLAW ESIR TIXBA REWOJ!

A STONE WALL LIFTS ALL AROUND THE TOWER IMPRISONING THE VIOLINIST!





THE MUSIC STRIKES THE STONE WALL, AND BECAUSE IT CANNOT PENETRATE IT, REBOUNDS...

HA-HA-HA!

THINKING HIMSELF SECURE, THE MUSICIAN REMOVES HIS OWN EAR-PLUGS—BUT THE MUSIC THAT STRIKES THE STONE WALL IS STILL VIBRATING IN THE AIR—AND PIERCES HIS MIND.

I'VE GOT TO DESTROY!



HE HURLS HIMSELF STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDOW!

AAAAGH!

—AND LANDS ON THE ROCKS BELOW!

THE WORLD IS BETTER OFF WITHOUT GENIUS LIKE HIS!  
AND NOW—RAEPPA TA EMOH!



LUCIUS GORDON WAKES FROM THE TRANCE INTO WHICH THE MAGICIAN HAD CAST HIM, AND FINDS HIMSELF SAFE AT HOME—

I THINK YOU'LL FIND LIFE A LITTLE LESS WORRISOME, NOW THAT JAN HAARL IS OUT OF THE WAY!

FEW WEEKS LATER, THE MUSIC WORLD HERALDS ANOTHER STAR—BOB BARTY, WHO COMES INTO HIS OWN WHEN FREE OF HAARL'S INFLUENCE—

FUNNY, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER GETTING HERE?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, SIR, NEITHER CAN I!

WORDS OF THAMRS ARE FUTILE!

YOU DID IT ALL!

LET'S SAY INSTEAD THAT HAARL FIND THE PIER—FOR HIS CRIME OF PIRACY!





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